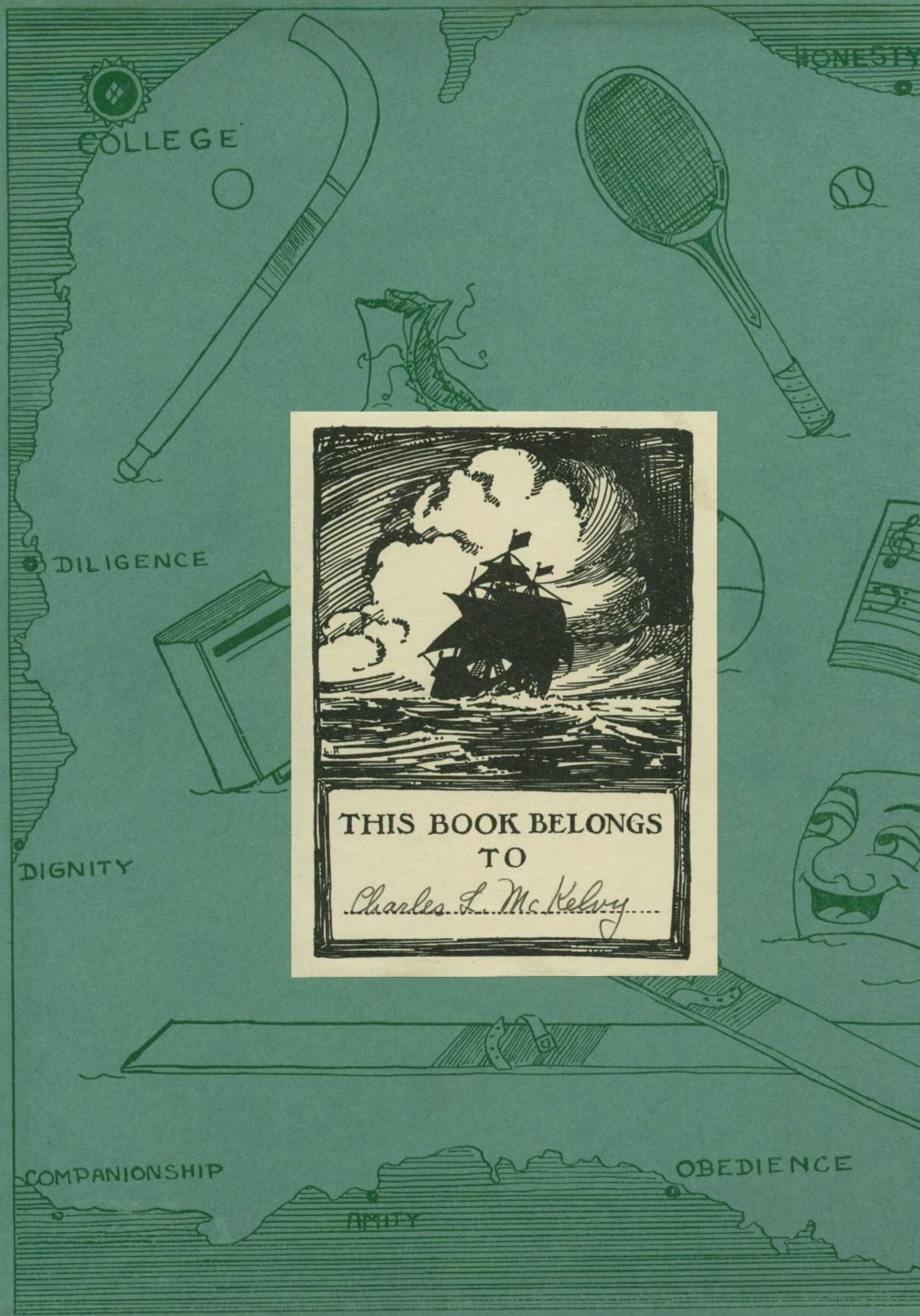
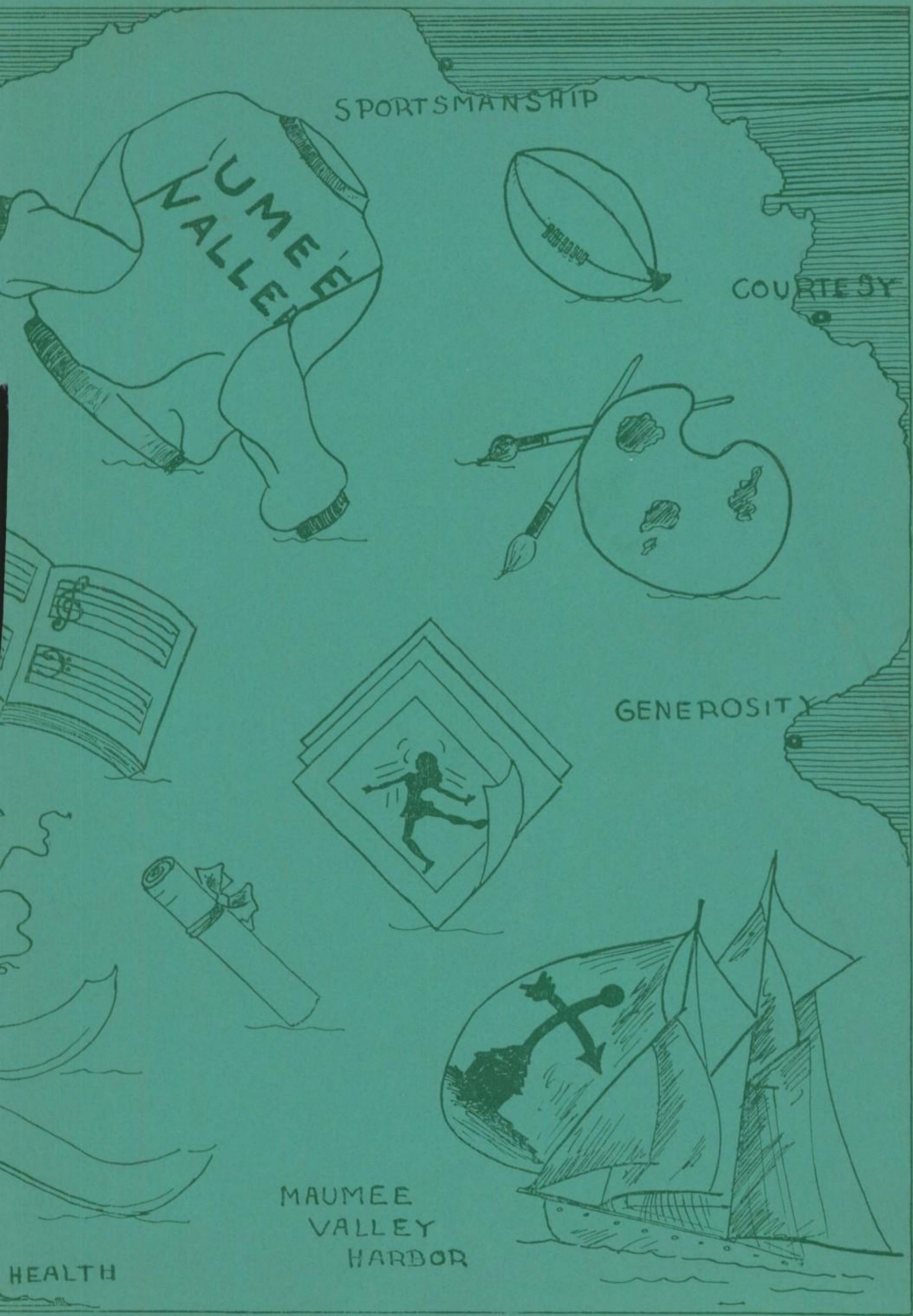
WEATHER VANE



THIS BOOK BELONGS
TO
Charles L. McKelvy


SPORTSMANSHIP
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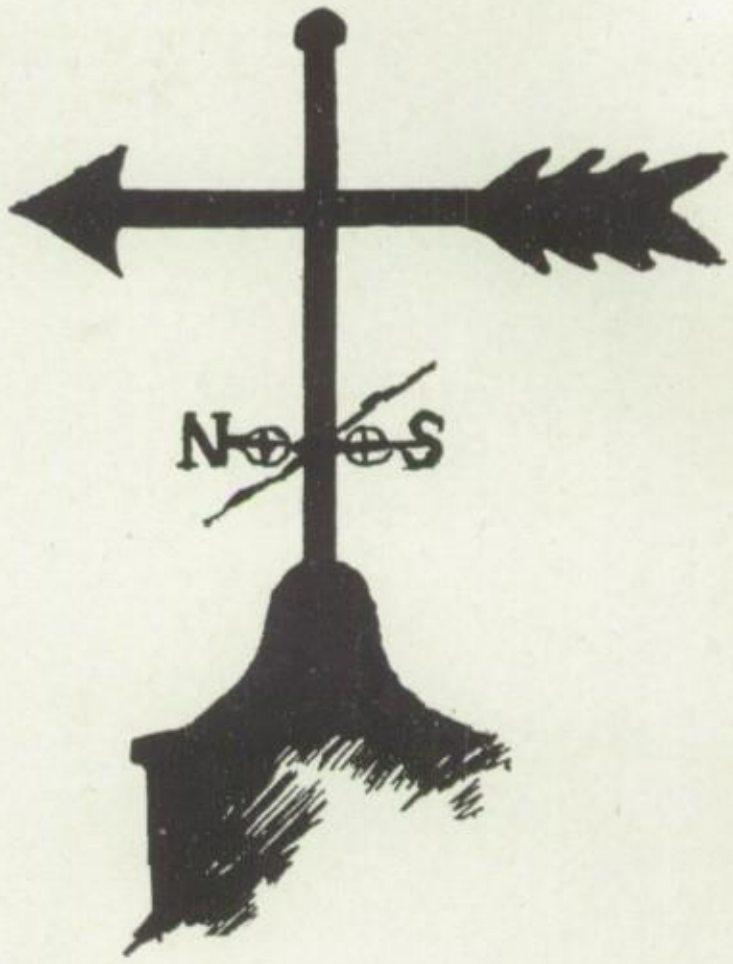
VALLEY
HARBOR

1940



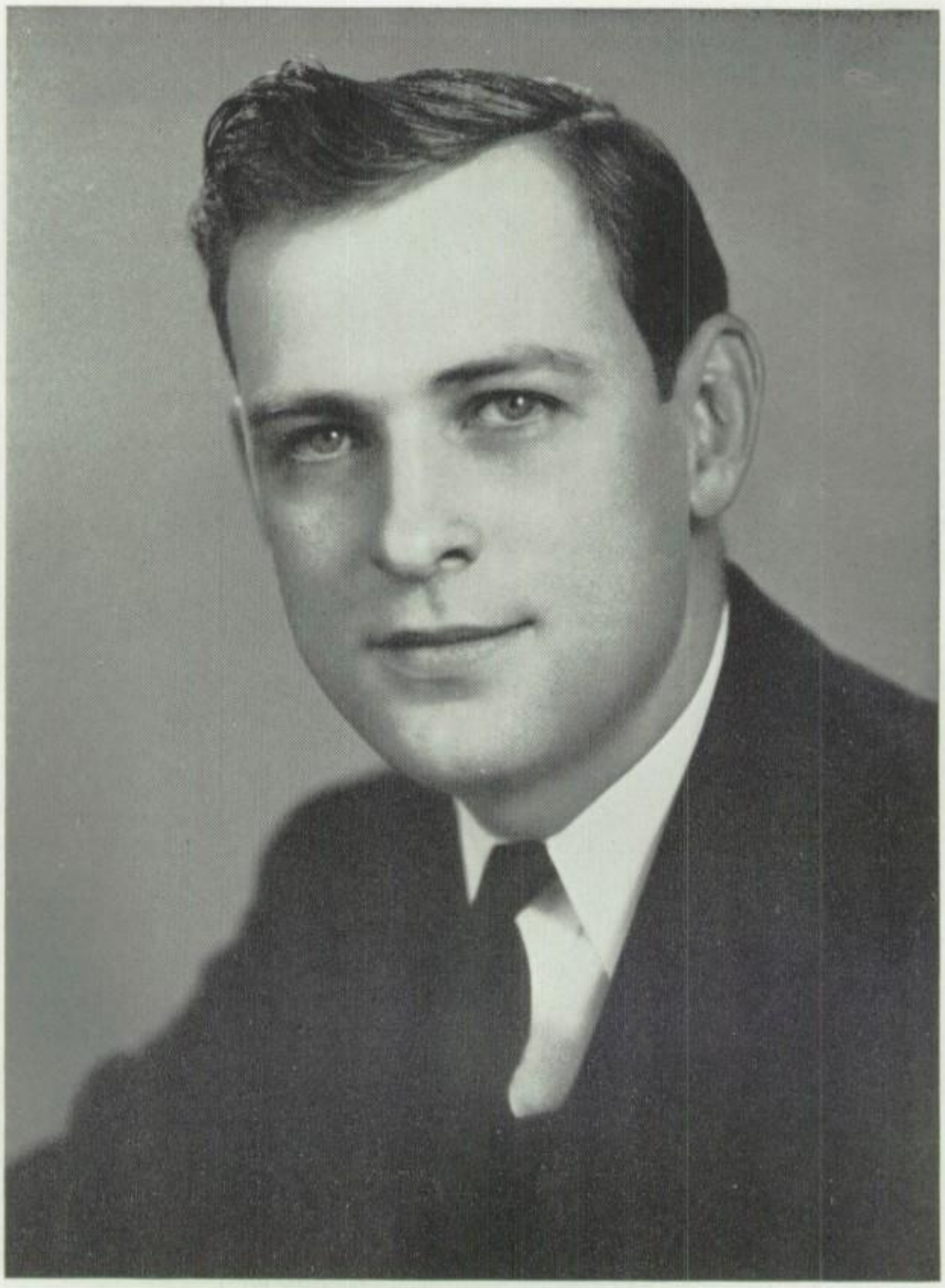
WEATHER VANE

MAUMEE VALLEY COUNTRY DAY SCHOOL

DEDICATION

In loving appreciation, to the Misses Marion, Mary and Caroline Smead, the founders of the Smead School, whose ideals and never failing interest have been an inspiration to Maumee Valley, we dedicate the *Weather Vane* of 1940.

The bronze plaque, commemorating the Misses Marion, Mary and Caroline Smead, founders of the Smead School, now occupies its permanent place under the mantel of the fireplace in our new library, the Smead Room. This addition, the gift of the Smead School Alumnae, was completed last autumn. It is a large room, pine panelled, with book shelves on four walls, windows on three sides, and a fireplace at one end. The fireplace end is made homelike by the group of green chintz-covered chairs, lamps, and two tables, one of them the gift of the Mothers' Group in honor of Miss Leslie Leland, former principal of the Maumee Valley Country Day School. On the wall are six historical prints given by Mrs. Cornell Walbridge. More prosaic, but very useful, are the six large reading tables for students. Already the shelves are well stocked with books for reference work or recreational reading. Altogether the room is a fitting tribute to those three who loved books—and their school—the Smead sisters.



MR. WILLIS STORK, Principal
B. A. University of Nebraska; M. A. University of Nebraska;
Graduate Work, Harvard University

About a year ago I had the distinct thrill of meeting Miss Carrie Smead at her home near Batavia, New York. For several hours I was engrossed by the lively charm of this lady, who was so instrumental in the early history of our school. Sometimes with a twinkle in her eye and at other times with tender reverence she related anecdotes about her sisters and the first years of the school. Her greatest interest, though, was Maumee Valley; she eagerly asked about our staff, you students, and dozens of other things.

As I left, I resolved that our school cannot be content with just a superior job of educating; we must maintain a greater tradition begun by the Smead sisters. To do this each of you must acquire a well rounded store of knowledge, a nice apperception of values, a good sense of humor, and a zest for life. If any of you has not acquired a goodly portion of each this year, I shall feel remiss.

Willis Stork

FACULTY

Iva B. Beard.....*Latin*

B. A. Georgetown College, Kentucky;
M. A. University of Michigan;
Graduate Work, University of Kentucky,
University of Chicago, American
Academy, Rome, Italy

Maryetta Roop Beverlin.....*Music*

B. M. University of Michigan;
Julliard School of Music;
Fontainebleau, France

Lester Burbidge....*History, Mathematics, Shop, Boys' Sports*

B. S. Denison University:
M. A. Bowling Green State University;
Graduate Work, University of Michigan

Caroline Dickey.....*Secretary*

B. A. Smith College

Elizabeth Ericson.....*Girls' Sports*
B. S. Miami University

Renée Bel Geary.....*French*
La Sorbonne, Paris, France

Dorothy C. Gipe.....*Dance*
A. B. Sweet Briar College

Rozetta E. Hill.....*Art*
B. S. Cleveland School of Art, Western Reserve University, School of Education; M. A. Cleveland School of Art, Western Reserve Graduate School

L. William Johnson.....*Mathematics, Psychology*

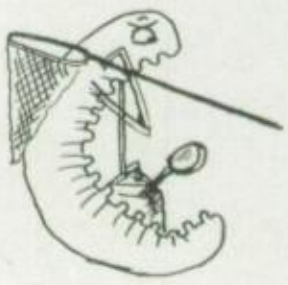
B. A., M. A. State University of Iowa

Lucile Lewis.....*Kindergarten*

B. S. University of Michigan;
M. A. University of Michigan;
Merrill Palmer School

Francis Moore.....*Science*

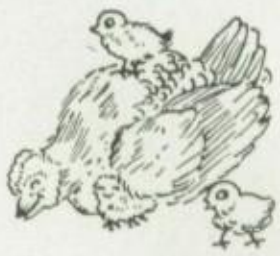
A. B. Ohio Wesleyan University;
B. of Ed. University of Toledo



Marian D. Parsons.....*English*

B. A. Wellesley College;
M. A. University of Chicago

Lillian Smith....*First and Second Grades*
Buffalo University; Syracuse University



Harriet Van Cleve Stone.....*Third and Fourth Grades*
B. of Ed. University of Toledo

Rex W. Thornburgh.....*History, Fifth and Sixth Grades*
B. A. Marshall College;
Ed. M. Boston University

Anna B. Waldron.....*Librarian*
B. A. University of Indiana;
B. S. Columbia University,
School of Library Science

SENIORS

MARCIA DODD
1936—1940

ELIZABETH HUMPHREYS FRANCE
1927—1930
1934—1940

DOROTHY RUTH GILLETTE
1937—1940

JOAN CRITTENDEN GIPE
1926—1940

MARGARET ANITA HASKELL
1927—1930
1936—1940

ANNE LOUISE JAMIESON
1936—1940

PATRICIA JEAN STICKNEY
1938—1940

The Weather Vane

presents

The Class of '40

in a four act musical review

"Our Journey's End"

ACT I

Setting—English room of M. V. C. D. S.

1. "Down with the Teachers, Up with the Freshmen" .....Sung by Female Members of the Cast, in smocked dresses, saddle shoes and striped sox.

   Leader.....Marnie Manning
   Followers.....Anita Haskell, Dorothy Wearley
   Betty France, Kitty Troxel,
   Joan Gipe, Anne Jamieson,
   Marcia Dodd.

2. "A Pair for the Teacher" .....Sung by Male Members of the Cast, Sinnie Walbridge, Pete Kirchmaier.

3. Skit: "A Peculiar Treasure"

   Protagonists.....Freshmen and M. D. P.
   Antagonists .....Sophomores

   "We're Off to Hide a Treasure"

4. "We're the Champions of the School".....Sung by Girls' Chorus dressed in brown and orange basketball clothes.

5. Skit: *Great Expectations*

   Herbert .....Pete
   Mrs. Pocket .....Marnie
   Flopsom .....Kitty
   Millers .....Dorothy
   Mr. Pocket .....Sinnie
   Mrs. Coiler .....Anne
   Miss Jane .....Joan
   Master Joe .....Anita
   Pip .....Marcia

6. Finale.....Sung by Entire Company

Heigh ho! heigh ho!
To Miss Leland's now we go.
We work all day, or else we stay
Inside with her. Heigh ho!
Heigh ho! heigh ho!
To the office now we go.
Whene'er we play
We have to pay,
We're always punished so.

INTERMISSION OF THREE MONTHS

ACT II

NOTE: Because of the departure of Dorothy Wearley and Marnie Manning from our Company, Betty Crowley and Dottie Gillette are added to the cast.

Setting—Generally, in the direction of the kitchen.

1. Skit: "A Meal's a Meal for A' That".....By Miss Neale and the Sophomore class.

"I'm Through, Girls, I'm Through".....Sung by Miss Neale

2. Skit: *Grandma Pulls the String*

Grandma .....Anne
Julia .....Dottie
Hilda .....Joan
Garde .....Kitty
Mother .....Betty F.
Nona .....Betty C.
Bill .....Marcia
Dick .....Anita

This is an hilarious comedy of domestic tribulations, in which complications over Bill's proposal furnish the humor. The mother's consent is temporarily delayed by the insecurity of her black hose, but a hasty exit is just in time to save the situation, and the scruples of the audience. A tense moment in the drama occurs when a hand reaches from behind the scenes and removes Misty from the centre of action.

4. A Tumbling Act.....Marcia Dodd

5. Finale.....Sung by Entire Company

Maumee Valley's cultivated us,
We're tame, we're tame!

ACT III

A SHORT SUMMER HAS ELAPSED.

Setting—Every place where there is trouble.

1. *"Weather Vane* Take A Bow"..... Sung by Entire Company—in close (?) harmony.

   Ring Leader ..... Patty
   Juggler ..... Betty F.
   Lion Tamers ..... Joan and Anne
   Aerial Artist ..... Betty C.
   Pick-pocket ..... Dorothy
   Clowns ..... Marcia and Anita

2. Skit: "Drums Along Swan Creek"

   Setting—Biology Class.

   Heap Big Chief ..... Phyllis Wood
   Indian Tribe ..... Other Seniors
   Commander-in-Chief ..... Joan
   American Settlers ..... Other Juniors

3. A short but noisy war intervenes.
   (The sound effects are produced with the compliments of Stork and Company.)

4. Skit: *The Christmas Hour.*

   Mother ..... Joan
   Wassail Servers ..... Other Juniors

5. We've rings on our fingers
   And bells on our wrists,
   Senior year is coming—,
   We've never been . . . (either miss-ed or kissed).

6. Finale..... Sung by Entire Company to the tune of "Mine Eyes Have Seen the Glory."

   Next year we'll be the seniors, and we'll run the whole darn school,
   We'll ask for senior privileges, and disregard each rule.
   We hear that college 's awful and that there's no time to fool.
   So we'll have fun while we can.

INTERMISSION OF THREE MONTHS

ACT IV

Setting—The fireplace end of the Smead Room.

1. Oh, look up here and see us,
   And wish that you could be us,
   Sitting in the library chairs.....Sung by Entire Cast.

2. Reading. *Marie Antoinette*.....By Mr. Thornburgh

   "Cut out the history parts".....Betty F.

3. Skit: "A Diller, a Dollar, A Ten O'clock Scholar!"

   Setting—Any time from nine o'clock on, in the science room.

   Scholars (?).....Dottie, Anita and Marcia

4. "My Reverie".....Sung by Joan

5. Solo.....Sung by Patty

   To the tune of "A Bicycle Built for Two."

   Anne and Joan,
   Can't you hear me toot?
   Bring your breakfast. Hurry we've got to scoot!
   Your hair looks all right, really,
   And we'll miss Joe Gentilly.
   You can get neat
   Upon the seat
   Of a Ford V-8 built to suit.

6. Skit: *Quality Street*

   Setting—March 15th and 16th at eight-thirty.

   "I want a boy, just like the boy, that captivated Sue!.....Joan, accompanied by other Seniors.

7. Finale.....Sung by Entire Company

   "Gone with the Wind"

   Costumes: White formals by Gillespie, Geralda Pheatt, Miller's Vogue, Modern Modes (see our advertisers in rear of book).
   Nosegays by Schramm's, Patten's (see ditto).

   After the final curtain there will be a tableau, in which some of the cast will be writing in blue books. Faintly outlined on the backdrop are towers of a college campus. The audience is requested to maintain a reverent silence during this tableau and not to applaud before late July or early August.

Patty Cake

3 pints study hall rules slightly stiffened
2 cups well seasoned personality
1 dash of Detroit
4 teaspoons sincerity sauce
1 bunch freshly picked foreign news
1 tablespoon smile extract

Boil personality until slightly effervescing, slowly mix in foreign news, sincerity sauce and smile extract. Season with dash of Detroit, and grill in French room until well done.

Dottie Dreams

1 cup equestrian ability
3 cups wonderment
2 dimples
1 melting smile
Ginger
Pinch of lost keys

Mix equestrian ability and wonderment. Slowly add melting smile. Beat until fluffy, season with ginger and pinch of lost keys. Garnish with dimples and place in a well greased Willys.

Gipe Au Gratin

1 cup friendliness
2 quarts good looking clothes
7 dates
2½ tablespoons pep

Cream friendliness and pep until smooth. Brush clothes until spotless and add dates to mixture. Roast in Florida sun until a delicate brown. Decorate with honey hair and cinnamon nail polish. Serves one T. U. basketball team.

Finnan Haskell

½ tablespoon shortening
1 pint geniality
1 drawl
2 quarts Ann Arbor boys
Few grains stubbornness

Cover baking dish with Ann Arbor boys. Mix shortening, drawl and geniality slowly. Sprinkle with few grains stubbornness and bake one hour in M. V. C. D. S. cooker. Remove frequently for short periods.

Brown Betty

1 face highly polished
2 teaspoons good posture
3 tablespoons hockey prowess
2 cups conscience

Wash face thoroughly. Add good posture and conscience, strained well. Sprinkle vigorously with hockey prowess and boil in a fast blue Ford. If desired, flavor with ginger. Test frequently with College Boards.

Anna Banana Cake

2 cups worry
1 tablespoon gum
1½ quarts angora yarn
1 peeled nose
Snow white teeth

Mix worry and gum well. Add peeled nose and fold in angora yarn. After beating thoroughly, garnish with snow white teeth. Bake in moderate temperature, preferably near the ocean. Baste every 15 minutes.

Dodd Dumplings

1 tablespoonful forgetfulness
1 nose retrousse
4 quarts athletic skill
2 cups enthusiasm

Mix forgetfulness with enthusiasm which has been well seasoned in gymnasium. Add athletic skill, sifted through a two year period of Brown Team captaincy. Season with knitting, preferably socks, and serve with Vermont chicken.

FIFTEEN YEARS HENCE

'Twas fifteen years ago we left M. V.,
In 1940 we were seniors there.
You'd never know us as we are to-day,
Though we try hard to hide our turning hair,

Smooth out our wrinkles and unbend our backs,
And keep a pleasing length around the waist.
We're old because we've led such giddy lives,
To all four corners of this earth we've chased.

Do you remember Dorothy Gillette?
Now better known abroad as "Dottie Dart",
She's tops in racing autos, self-designed.
'Twas from her Willys that she got her start.

And I suppose you've heard of Joan's luck.
You know she's married to a charming male.
She has just flocks and flocks of children now.
Do you suppose his alma mater's Yale?

Our Betty dwells way up in the Swiss Alps.
Each day to France and home again she skis,
To shop in gay Paris or keep a date.
To learn to ski you pay terrific fees.

Up in a New York attic we find Pat,
The greatest living painter of our age.
No one remembers Reyburn or Van Gogh,
For now Patricia has become the rage.

Anita loves to read as much as ever,
She says that some day if she never marries,
She'd like to be a playwright full of wit,
And write for Broadway, plays like J. M. Barrie's.

Who is this figure clad in uniform
Who with compassion treads the crowded slums?
(Their hapless plight she lays to F. D. R.)
It's Anne, a tireless rescuer of bums.

In horn-rimmed specks, her lexicon in hand,
Marcia now haunts the Mediterranean shore,
Followed by pupils to whose eager minds
She feelingly expounds Virgilian lore.

At desk, left to right: Ruth Hankison, Josephine Woolley, Grace Rathbun, Ann Kumler.
On floor, left to right: Betty Hower, Martha Jay.

WEATHER VANE STAFF

Editor-in-Chief.....Grace Rathbun
Business Manager.....Betty Hower
Literature Editors.....Ruth Hankison
Josephine Woolley
Photography Manager.....Martha Jay
Feature Editor.....Ann Kumler

JUNIORS

Left to right: Dorothy Hiett, Bob Kershaw, Louise France, Alice Rathbun, Gerry Teipel, Gordie Hascall.
Not in picture: Willis Hall.

LIBRARIANS

Librarian-in-Chief.....Louise France
Assistant.....Gordie Hascall

SOPHOMORES

Sitting, left to right: Natalie Buckhout, Colette Geary, Mimi Rorick, Joyce Kinsey.
Standing, left to right: Bill Boeschenstein, Rolie MacNichol, Bob Rorick, Bill Baker.
Not in picture: Marie Grubb.

FRESHMEN

SEVENTH AND EIGHTH GRADES

OCTO STAFF

Editor-in-Chief.....Ford Bennett
Assistant Editor.....Scott Hayes
Business Manager.....Dick Lennihan
Production Manager.....Hamie Kirchmaier
Girls' Sports.....Marilyn Beidler
Boys' Sports.....Rusty Heymann
Sports and Humor.....Tony Walbridge
Personal Notes.....Boots Johnston
Features.....Martha Wolfe
Kathleen Kitchen
Chief Slip-Sheeter.....Bruce Belknap
Assistant Slip-Sheeter.....Dilys Edmunds
News Reporters.....Geoff Bennett
Nancy Wall
Chuck Terry
Luette Goodbody
Grade News.....Betty D. Morris
Club News.....Lucy Lancashire

Standing, left to right: Tony Walbridge, Lucy Lancashire, Bruce Belknap, Betty D. Morris, Boots Johnston, Marilyn Beidler, Luette Goodbody, Dilys Edmunds, Nancy Wall, Chuck Terry.

Sitting, left to right: Kathleen Kitchen, Hamie Kirchmaier, Martha Wolfe, Rusty Heymann, Ford Bennett, Scott Hayes, Dick Lennihan, Geoff Bennett.

DREAMS

"We are the music makers,
And we are the dreamers of dreams."

—*O'Shaughnessy*

But not only the poets and the musicians dream dreams; even practical people have fancies. Without dreams there would be no new ideas for further advancement, and furthermore nobody could endure the dullness of everyday living without ideals or hopes to take him away from grim reality. Thomas More had a vision of Utopia, but most of us have less unselfish, more personal desires; we dream of future happiness, of possessions, of power—even of revenge.

Even before a boy is faced with the serious aspects of life, he finds contentment in dreaming. When he grows up, he'll have a white horse (like the one in the circus) which will come at his whistle. Together they will prance down the streets in front of the other boys' admiring, but envious, eyes. By the time he is able to get his wonderful horse, his desires are somewhere else. I used to dream of just such a horse. His name was going to be Lightning and when he went over hurdles which, of course, would be higher than any a horse had ever jumped before, his streaming white tail and creamy mane would stretch out in the wind.

Sometimes a little boy wants to be a doctor and listen with a stethoscope to heartbeats, or he wants to be a fireman and slide down the fire pole. I was going to be president once. Oh, but not an ordinary president; I was going to be a helpful president and cut the lawn and trim hedges, besides giving wonderful speeches that everybody would applaud and applaud.

Little girls pretend they are their dolls' mamas. They scold them for spilling their water "tea" and sing their eyes shut every night. Wasn't Pinocchio a woodcarver's wish come true? Because little girls are very sympathetic, they plan to run dog shelters and give a home to every poor, maltreated, little dog. I remember I used to plan to own a grocery store, where everybody that was poor could get food free. The practical world is the ruination of dreams.

The age comes when you stop having such fanciful dreams. There is the "new car" stage and the "girl crazy" or "boy crazy" stage. In your mind's eye, you are wearing the latest check suit, if you are a boy, or the fussiest angora mittens, if you are a girl, and everybody is noticing and admiring. But, ironically, Mother says the pants are much too red or that those mittens will shrink when they're washed.

Older people laugh at the seemingly foolish fancies of young people. Why can't the children see that their dreams will come to naught and that they'll be laughing at themselves before long? But how very, very real and satisfying are young people's dreams! I never mind waiting for a train or for somebody who is late, because I'm in a world of thoughts—thoughts impossible to realize, but delightful to dream. Psychologists say constructive thinking is beneficial, but that idle day dreaming does more harm than good. Maybe, but Isaac Newton is reported to have sat under an apple tree, day-dreaming till an apple's falling on his head put the idea of gravity into his lazy brains.

Old people have their dreams, too. I suppose you would call them memories, dreams of the past instead of the future. The first automobiles on hot, dusty roads; snows so deep that the fence tops were covered; running barefooted through the red clover meadow; teaching school in a little red school house; wearing long kid gloves and a favorite, swishing, green taffeta to a first ball.

And mothers and fathers unselfishly transfer dreams from themselves to their children. This explains why so many sons and daughters of immigrants can read and write and speak English. The parents go without the badly needed coat they see in the store window so that their children will have some of the advantages that they in childhood could only dream about.

Dreams could be called the blueprints to culture. How different the dreams of nations can be. The Greeks had leisure and expressed their dreams in drama, in sculpture, in architecture which has never been surpassed. The Romans, with dreams of power, sent Caesar across the Alps to conquer Gaul. The Romans left the idea (not the ideal) of dictatorship, as well as theories of state government whose influence was far-reaching.

Some of the greatest men in history would have been just sheep in the herd instead of leaders if they had not had dreams. Frederick the Great wanted Germany to become a "great power." Perhaps without that man's ambitions, there would never have been a World War. Without ambition he would never have increased Germany's military force into a strong unit. Napoleon would forever have been an unknown Corsican if dreams of revenge hadn't made him forge ahead to become one of the most famous men and one of the most feared who ever lived. Peter the Great left his native Russia to spend a year in Western Europe learning its customs, even working in a shipyard in Holland. He dreamt of a "Westernized" Russia and came back to his empire to pass laws which required women to wear corsets and men to cut off their beards.

In contrast to the selfish ambitions of these ruthless leaders, are the humanitarian and selfless dreams of the world's savers. Florence Nightingale cared for the wounded soldiers in the Crimean War because of her dreams for a more humane world. Dr. Grenfell established orphanages and hospitals in far away places because as a young medical student he had a desire for adventure and wanted to aid sick and injured men who suffered for lack of care when on their long fishing expeditions on the wind-swept shores of Labrador.

Sometimes the world seems ironically to reverse your plans. Dreams that have meant everything in the mind mean nothing when they are finally turned into realities. Now that you've got close up to your "farthest pasture," still farther pastures look greener. Desire and ambition are never at rest. Dreams, like waves, will keep carrying you in their swell till the moon stops affecting the tide or, simply, forever.

"For each age is a dream that is dying,
Or one that is coming to birth."

BETTY FRANCE, Twelfth Grade

IMAGES

1

They say
The moon is not
Of silver, but no king's crown
Nor regal diadem has shone
As bright.

2

Like drops of dew upon a spider web,
Glistening in the morning sun—
The stars rested upon the bare, outstretched branches.

3

As smoke, aimless and hazy,
Dissolves and disappears,
So do my thoughts,
And I sink into oblivion.

MARCIA DODD, Twelfth Grade

HOW MRS. MOUSE FILLED HER CUPBOARDS

The arresting aroma of yellow-orange cheese drifted behind the radiator and back into a small hole in the wall. Here lived Mrs. Alphonse Mouse and her three children. Her husband had been pounced upon and slaughtered by the cat, a ferocious, yellow animal, whom the Mouse family held in mortal dread. Mrs. Mouse knew that the delicious odor which was pervading her home meant danger to her very life should she attempt to acquire the cheese; however, her cupboards were becoming frighteningly bare. So, kissing her little ones goodbye and warning them not so much as to poke their noses out of the hole, she courageously began her perilous journey.

The space between the wall and the radiator was just wide enough to hold Mrs. Mouse, who had to keep her weight down so that she would never get stuck in this narrow passage. Softly picking her way, she trod cautiously until she reached the end of the passage, which was flooded with the light of the street lamp, pouring in through the window.

Mrs. Mouse recalled her last attempt at securing food. Confidently she had emerged from behind the radiator and started to pry the cheese loose from the trap when suddenly a tornado of yellow fur had hurled itself on her. She gave a convulsive shudder of horror as she felt once again in imagination the soft paws of the cat, with sharp treacherous claws protruding from them. She could still see the gleaming eyes above her and she could still feel the hot breath as it steamed out between pointed yellow teeth. Mrs. Mouse remembered that she had squeaked violently until she was exhausted. Thinking her dead, the cat had dropped her and had begun to lick his chops. In a flash, Mrs. Mouse had leaped to her feet and had dashed into the passage, out of the cat's reach.

As she prepared to face the danger once again, she squeaked a tiny prayer that she might be successful in this sortie. Then she poked her nose out and surveyed. An enormous mouse trap, casting weird black shadows, loomed ominously near the radiator. Darting her beady black eyes about the room in search of the cat, Mrs. Mouse warily crept towards the trap. Now Mr. Mouse had taught his wife just what to do in meeting one of these obstacles, and so, remembering his instructions, she gently began to nudge the steel prongs, loosening them a little with each nudge.

Sleeping in the room's best chair, lay the bloodthirsty cat. Abruptly awakened by the delicate scent of a mouse, he hungrily regarded the soft gray ball of fur, workingly so diligently for the piece of cheese which was most distasteful to him. Mrs. Mouse had succeeded in her efforts to loosen the steel bars, and when, unaware of a foe lurking nearby, she was about to return home with the savory morsel, the cat, who had been furtively crawling towards her, gave a savage leap towards his unsuspecting victim. With a startled jump and a tiny squeak of alarm, the small gray body disappeared into the passageway between the radiator and the wall. Her enemy tried to plunge into the narrow space also and received a vicious blow on the head, for he was fully twice as wide as the slender passage. A bit dizzy, the cat overlooked the long, gray tail stretched out behind Mrs. Mouse, who soon whisked it in out of danger. Almost fainting from fright, she stumbled home, manipulating the bulky cheese with difficulty. Tiny squeals of delight greeted her arrival, and soon the edges of the hazardously obtained delicacy had been nibbled away. And so we leave Mrs. Mouse and her three children with her cupboards once again filled.

BETTY HOWER, Eleventh Grade

The early bird gets the radiator.

MINOR IRRITATIONS IN TELEPHONING

In the everyday act of telephoning you must put up with many minor irritations. Of course there are the major irritations of having your telephone repaired or of putting that last nickel into the slot and getting neither your call nor the coin back, but we shall not mention those.

One of the most exasperating of minor irritations is getting the "wrong number." There is something about that usually disgusted tone of the answerer saying, "wrong number," followed by a very quick click of the telephone that excites your innermost passions. Whose fault? is generally the first thing that pops into your mind. It couldn't possibly be yours; it probably is the operator's. You work up a frenzy only to discover that you said *Main* instead of *Forest*. The satisfaction of finally getting the correct number erases all agitation.

You must have had at one time or another one of those long calls from your boy friend or from Mary, who has all the gossip that can not wait, only to find when you finish that during your absence the bathroom has become flooded. I can not say much for those who have not had this experience; they must be too methodical or else they are not so gifted in the art of conversation as we. Even though you bang your head coming up from beneath the wash bowl, and your new Christmas pajamas get soaking wet, the work of mopping up is less painful because you have a long desired date from Jack or the latest news that Betty and Tom have broken up. As you can readily understand, this mishap might enter into the major irritations; that is, if the bath water decided to go into the living room, but need we mention it?

Have you ever noticed how the family have an incurable habit of helping (?) you telephone? You no sooner say "hello" than from a distant part of the house you hear Mother calling. Excusing yourself, you rush to her to discover she wants only to know who is calling. On the way downstairs Erma, the new maid, who has her troubles, wants you to find her kitchen shears. The lapse of time encourages you to wonder why *he* is calling. Is he going to ask you to the J-Hop or is it only for a date?

"Hello, Bill, did you wait long? It is nice of you to say that. Did you say Monday?" From behind the evening newspaper in a deep stern voice Dad adds, "You know you can't go out on Monday; it is a school night." You leave the telephone to explain that Bill wants only Monday's English assignment. Returning with the correct pages of the English work book, you hear the changing voice of your little brother asking when the telephoning will be over, for he has to call Sonnie about the new baseball uniforms. Your caller by this time needs no encouragement to say good-bye. So ends abruptly your most looked forward to phone conversation of the week.

Then, too, there is the time when your family is out, and you are trying to talk intelligently on the phone between the door bell interruptions. First, it is the jovial milkman with his continual, "How about a bottle of cream?" Then, it is the "more bristles" man, or the red-faced grocery boy, who always has a watchful eye out for the girls, and then—you all know him—the bald-headed school boy, wearing a holey hat (to add a college touch) with one of those "How-To-Win-Friends-And-Influence-People" smiles, who needs just one more measly subscription to win a contest that will send him to school for years. All these keep you in a constant whirl away from the receiver, which is still hanging from the end of its cord.

Some of the other frictions are getting mixed up on a party line, brother's listening in on the upstairs phone, and trying to understand the person at the other end of the line who is eating and talking at the same time. I am afraid that I already have said too much against this modern invention (my conscience is hurting me), but doesn't that everlasting buzz of a busy line irritate you?

PATRICIA STICKNEY, Twelfth Grade

THE NEW CAR

"It will be ready in about a half hour," the salesman had said.

So there was a half hour to wait, and then he could take it. It would be marvelous. Bill smiled at the girl facing him, and sang a bar of "Oh, Johnny!" with the nickelodeon. He could see her green eyes glow as they looked at it. How proud she would be, riding with him in a Packard! Of course, it was only a used '36, but then there had been practically no change in style until the new fender grills on the '40's. He told her about it again—the steel-grey body, sleek and proud, the number of cylinders, the length of wheelbase, the horsepower, the upholstery, and the radio and heater. Wouldn't she be impressed, though! . . . Not that he cared what she thought. She really meant nothing to him. He watched her languidly sip from her glass. He saw her short, plump hands, and noticed with irritation that the scarlet polish was missing from two nails, and chipped on a third. And a wisp of auburn hair had escaped the confines of her sleek upswept coiffure, and waved with an absurd undecidedness when she moved her head. As if she read his thoughts, one of the plump hands rose and brushed it deftly into place. He wondered what was behind her dreamy expression. What memory were her eyes watching that he could not see, could never know or understand? Or was she only visioning the car, and how her friends would envy her as it pulled up before Miller's (the local "joint") and she stepped daintily out?

* * * * * * *

He cried exuberantly, "There she is! Isn't it a beauty?" And she replied in a somewhat softer tone that it was indeed. A colored boy in high rubber boots and a tattered shirt was washing it. His black face broke into a broad grin as he remarked,

"Yas, suh, you shuah got a swell cah heah, suh!"

Bill smiled at him, a little condescendingly, as a Packard owner should smile at garage attendants. He turned to the girl and followed her gaze. It ignored his lovely grey coupé completely, and settled on a smart maroon convertible model, 1940. But what did she expect! Still, it hurt him a little to have her so indifferent, not at all the admiring, awed creature he had imagined. She should have been more impressed.

"Well, what do you think of it?" he demanded, a trifle too loudly.

"What? Oh, the car. Why it's lovely, looks so noble and sleek and proud like all Packards. Really, it is smooth. So—oh, pardon me a second! Perry! Tom!"

It didn't really matter that she was talking to those two college boys. They probably had a Model-T parked outside somewhere. He smiled with a superior air as he thought of what a mistake she was making. Little fool! Her voice intruded on his thoughts.

"Bill, you shan't mind if I dash on to Miller's with Perry and Tom? O. K.! Thanks for a nice afternoon!" she called gaily.

The maroon convertible flew by. Her auburn head turned slightly. She waved at him and was gone. But then it didn't really matter, he kept telling himself. After all, he didn't like her particularly. He thought of how the open car would ruin her upswept coiffure. "And convertibles aren't at all practical," he muttered as he drove the steel-grey coupé out into the sunlight.

JOSEPHINE WOOLLEY, Eleventh Grade

Don't put all your shirts in one locker.

SEEING STARS

From where I was sitting I could plainly see the other four points of my star. I was perched precariously on the fifth, catching the slippery glass sides, for we were flying through space at a terrific clip.

There was a funny little man inside the star, who seemed to be steering it. I remember now that it was very bright inside, but I never *did* figure out where the light came from. I could see the little man's long pink robe, trimmed in gold, peeking through his long white tresses. While I was thus scrutinizing the interior of the star from the outside, my attention was arrested by the excited questions of the little man, who was pointing to the left. Sniff! A strong odor of cheese assailed my nostrils. Then I knew—I was about to meet someone I had always wanted to meet—no other than the Man in the Moon! When we had finally come to a standstill, the Man in the Moon greeted us with a hearty "Halloo!!" leaning so far out of his window that I held my breath for fear he might tumble out. His house was made of green cheese and so was he! His face was all puckered up and very sour looking. I hoped it was not because of our visit. Evidently not, for he was smiling at me then and offering me a chunk of his horrid smelling house. I found myself attempting to descend from my perch regardless of the stench. His face held me fascinated. Suddenly I was thrown forward, for my star gave a sudden lurch as it resumed its flight. I had a little difficulty righting myself and when I demanded of the little steering man why we left the Man in the Moon so rudely and hastily, he explained in disjointed sentences about the powers of the Man in the Moon: "Pretty dangerous powers . . . Ever wonder why dogs bark at the moon? . . . . Works magic on lovers" . . . . and so on. He seemed to be quite informed on the Man in the Moon.

We journeyed on and soon I jumped on hearing the pouring of water and looked above and on each side of me, but no water could be seen anywhere. Then I happened to look below me. A sight to make any one's throat parched and one's tongue clack against the roof of his mouth was there before my eyes. Water was pouring from the little dipper into the big dipper and splashing high into space. A steady sparkling stream was coming from the little dipper as long as I could see it.

On we went. Suddenly something splashed on my face. There was another splash. And another. But no wonder! We were riding past the milky way and since the current was strong, we were getting besplattered by drops that sprang from the foamy mass. Then I began to get dizzy. Maybe we were going too fast. I lost my hold . . . .

The next thing I knew, I was sliding down a slippery surface just fast enough to make it warm. My eyes were dazzled by the many striking colors, for I was on the rainbow, wearing it dangerously thin and hoping that it would hold long enough to see me safely to the pot of gold.

ALICE RATHBUN, Tenth Grade

SURPRISE

Like the whir of a quail's instant flight,
A quail come upon suddenly in the milkweed,
Is the suddenness of my surprise.

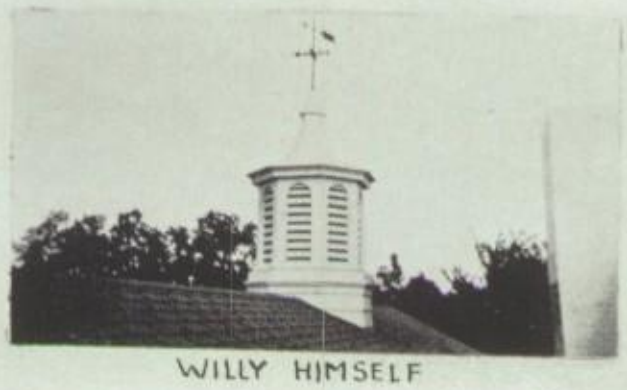
HARBOR LIGHTS

Harbor lights at night are candles—
Dozens and dozens of them—
On a chocolate birthday cake.

BETTY FRANCE, Twelfth Grade

FALL

BOO!


WILLY HIMSELF

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2 FOR 5

FIELD GOAL

LEAF HOUSES

WHAT COLLEGE?

OUR LIBRARIANS

STUDY IN LEAVES

SERVICE WITH A SMILE

SOUP'S ON!

PAST THE GOALIE

PING! PONG!

THE DEVIL HORSE

As the waiting cowboy crept nearer the herd of horses, the leader of the herd moved, cropping the grass of the "purple canyon's lip." His mane was mixed with moonlight that silvered his snow white sides as he slowly raised his head and cautiously sniffed the air. He pawed the earth and wheeled, making sure the herd was safe. He snickered and an answer calmed him for a minute. Yes, something was wrong, he knew it! Just as the last echo of his warning died, and the herd thundered to safety, a rope sang out, and he was transformed, from the prick of his ears to the flow of his tail, into a vision of "steel and velvet grace." He whirled and sunfished and lashed, and seemed to rock the earth with thunder and flame. He squealed as if he were a devil horse; his fury seemed too fierce to tame, as, from the canyon's high rim, the cowboy looped the free end of his rope around a tree.

The horse reared straight into the air, and seemed to leap into the sky. Then he charged the boy, who fell flat, narrowly escaping the rushing hoofs. As the horse charged again, the cowboy grasped his mane, and became a part of the fierce stallion—but not for long. The horse threw off his rider as a man flicks off a fly, and, breaking the rope, mane and tail flying, became a part of the night.

RUTH HANKISON, Eleventh Grade

SUSAN

The heavens were angry that night. Dusky, ragged clouds leaped and tumbled over each other. Low, heavy, black clouds slouched across the horizon in somber sullenness. A star suddenly glared through the swirling mists only to be at once blotted out. The sea, in a tantrum, lay on its back kicking at the sky. The sea foamed and fumed; dark purple walls of water rushed onward to shore where they collapsed, subdued, blubbering and bubbling on the wet sand. Save for drift wood and tufts of grass, the beach lay lonely and barren. An old newspaper, partly weighted under a stone, struggled to free itself. A solitary toad hopped bewilderedly in a zigzag path from pebble to pebble. Farther back from the beach just before the shivering pines and the brown, dry, overgrown trail which led to the forest, there was a very small weatherworn shack, sheltered by two bushy fir trees, through which the wind shrieked and whistled. The fir trees didn't mind. From the whole forest, they had been chosen to keep the cruel cold from penetrating the thin walls of the little shack. In the only window a candle flickered timidly, dimly lighting the yellowed pages of a Bible, which lay on a roughly hewn table. Susan's fingers traced the lines with painful intensity. As her eyes moved, she mumbled the words to herself: "But whoso hearkeneth unto me shall dwell safely, and shall be quiet from fear or evil." Then silently she closed the book and fervently murmured a prayer: "Please, God, don't let them find Jo. He didn't mean to stab him. It's only his infernal temper. And he was only trying to protect me. Please, God, don't let them find us." Susan's face, though young, was drawn and haggard. Her mouth, once full and red, was now a thin line. Her eyes were still bright and lustrous, but the eyelids drooped sadly. She, Jo, and the baby had been hiding in this solitary place for three years. Jo had said he couldn't stand it any longer and had hiked off down the beach. He had been gone ten days. The baby, Danny, had been her only comfort, and now he was ill and coughing badly. She had no medicine. Their supplies were mostly canned beans and fish.

Susan crept over to the crib which Jo had built, and gazed into the white face so dear to her. The transparent skin was stretched tightly over the protruding bones of the cheeks through which a network of blue veins showed. The thin chest heaved in sharp quick pants as he struggled to breathe.

"Danny," Susan whispered, "you must get well."

Danny's eyes, wide and brown like his mother's, flew open, then shut tightly and the baby face relaxed.

Susan, numbed with pain and grief, sank to the floor. It couldn't be true. No, not Danny, who was so intelligent for his three years. Not Danny, whose short legs were already bowed and whose curls bounced when he romped on the beach. Not Danny, who smiled at her every morning when she woke him and said, "Mornin', Mummy." She swayed back and forth, her tortured mind submerged in whirling thoughts and anguish. Danny, her joy and comfort. She couldn't have endured those long days in Jo's absence in fear and dread, without Danny's sunshine and laughable, odd ways and sayings. What had she left now? Nothing but rolling sea, endless sand, and the forest beyond.

A thump at the door. Susan rose wearily to her feet, too stupefied even to wonder at the inconsistency of a visitor in this deserted place, her senses too deadened to feel fear. A sudden thought of Jo's returning failed to arouse her from her apathy. Danny was gone.

As she opened the squeaky door, a rush of bitter wind ruffled the red-gold fur of a homeless waif. A half-frozen baby fox sprawled at Susan's feet. She was about to close the door again, but the fox wailed mournfully. "Just like a baby," she mused wryly. Picking it up by the scruff of the neck, she looked into its pointed little face. Its eyes—why they were brown and regarded her as trustfully as Danny's. A smile loosened the muscles of her rigid face. Danny's curls were red-gold when the sun played on them.

GRACE RATHBUN, Eleventh Grade

THOUGHTS ABOUT NOTHING IN GENERAL

I read once a bit of the philosophy of Plato. I marveled at the writer's ability to think clearly upon abstruse matters, for whenever I made even the slightest attempt to ponder over universal truths, my thoughts were in sad confusion. Yet I wanted to look beyond the superficial and temporary, and get a glimpse of reality. Thinking that books would help me, I tried to read, but it was of little use. The only valuable information I gathered was that the earth was round with a pole at each end, and was generally thought to revolve around the sun. Those vital truths I had already painfully learned in school. But something happened a short time ago that proved to me that it is not always through books that one gets sudden moments of illumination of the world's problems, and equally sudden realizations of one's impotence to solve them.

The earth was beautiful as we stood on the mountain watching the sun sink beyond the farthest hill, leaving a souvenir of its glory, a mass of brilliant colors, in the clouds. So much beauty made me feel a little unreal and afraid. I suddenly wondered about many things. The world lay peacefully at my feet and I could not understand how anyone would desire or feel himself capable of striving for land or power. Why should not all peoples be friendly—they who shared the same magnificent world with one another? The world was at my feet, and I felt how silly were those belligerent few and how futile was their strife. They were like small children quarreling over toys. I remembered how self-important I had felt when once in my childhood I had succeeded in capturing my brother's toys. Infuriated by the shiny newness of his tin horn when I had thoughtlessly left my equally new one in the wet grass, I had snatched his the first moment I caught him unaware. However, I, too, inevitably came to grief.

I will build a Utopia of my own, I thought. It shall be a Utopia of the whole world. There shall be no more wars, for other men shall see how primitive it is to fight. There shall be no boundaries between nations, and all men shall love one another.

My mind wandered aimlessly. I thought of the gladness that would replace the sorrow, the plenty where starvation had been, and of the lives that would be

saved. That was the all important thing. It was unfair to ask thousands upon thousands of men each to give up his one life for something so material as land. Boys who had just learned to appreciate life, boys who were "the dreamers of dreams," killed in a wholesale slaughter by other boys, whose dreams were conquered by bitter reality. Life was so short even if I should live to be one hundred, I could not think of sacrificing it for land, country or king. I don't think I was selfish that evening, I felt too detached to be guilty of a human emotion. I was like a god watching life from above.

I would seek tirelessly to make man realize the foolishness of his strife. Surely *I* could find a way to prove that man's struggle to take what is not his, is futile and wrong—a way in which there would be no inequality, no race distinctions, no opposing creeds. In some yet undiscovered way I would reform man so that he might no longer know hatred, so that he might have time to appreciate the overwhelming beauty of this world.

Suddenly my eye caught sight of a few houses in the valley like tiny blocks carelessly dropped here and there, and I imagined I saw the villagers running aimlessly to and fro powerless to overcome the great odds stacked against them, and unable, for the most part, to realize the tiny cogs they were in the huge wheel that motivates existence. I realized whatever little power I should find, with which to make the slightest dent in that cog, would not hinder the turning of that wheel. There were millions of similar cogs on which it could depend. And should I even set that cog out of line with the rest, it would slowly be ground back into its place again—in time.

All the warmth of the sun had gone and there was nothing inspiring about the cold wind that had come up. I noticed that my friends had built a fire with the wood they had laboriously gathered on the way. In order not to seem too lazy or inefficient I picked up a few twigs as a contribution to the already cheery blaze. Besides, I had done enough thinking for anyone as inexperienced as I.

MARCIA DODD, Twelfth Grade

THE NEWSPAPER BOY

The pastry shop was brightly lighted and a pretty blonde waitress was putting a large plate of chocolate cookies in the display window. Outside, a small boy watched, his big blue eyes full of sadness and anticipation. His body was that of a nine year old, but his face held a look of maturity and independence. A dilapidated gray cap partly concealed his bright red hair, which emphasized the paleness of his thin face. His spotless knickers looked as if they had been cut down from those of an elder brother. He wore a heavy green sweater which concealed most of his slender body. Under his right arm he carried a thick bunch of daily newspapers of which he apparently hadn't sold many. He tried to warm his small hands by blowing on them with all his might. The cold from the sidewalk must have penetrated his thin tennis shoes, for he kicked his feet vigorously against the pastry shop.

To the hurrying passers-by the boy was of little or no importance, but one person seemed to be regarding him intently. The man was seated in a long black limousine parked opposite the pastry shop. After a few minutes' hesitation he alighted from his car, gave orders to his well groomed chauffeur to drive on, and crossed the street. The man was about fifty. His well tailored overcoat was the same color as his thick graying hair. His mouth suggested both sadness and laughter, and above it was a slight mustache. His eyes were brown and sincere as a Saint Bernard's. His long well shaped right hand carried an ivory tipped cane, which added to his distiguished mien. His walk was rather slow, as if he were never quite sure of his destination and less sure of his desire to arrive there.

Upon approaching the small newspaper vendor, he gazed thoughtfully at him, and, in return for a paper, tucked a crisp dollar bill into his hand, telling him to keep the change. The man then disappeared into the increasing shadows of the evening. He walked along the narrow sidewalk, tapping his cane in a slow rhythm. The street lights had just gone on and he glanced at them annoyed, for they seemed bound to interrupt his somber thoughts. He walked on and on, until he reached a fashionable part of town. The street down which he turned led to a huge brown brick home like a mediaeval castle. The servants had retired and his wife hadn't yet returned from a dinner party. The spacious interior of the house looked as if it should always be filled with laughing people having a good time. The floors were covered with rich carpets, and rare tapestries adorned the walls. He didn't stop at his room on the second floor, but walked down a lonely hall. When he reached a closed door, he put his hand in his pocket, pulled out a small key, opened it and turned on the light. Yes, it was just the same as it was before Peter was killed, save for a little dust and some silvery cobwebs that had collected in the corners. The electric train was there with the bright red bridge, the fat stuffed angora cat, the autographed pictures of Tom Mix . . . The man slowly glanced around again, then, after switching off the light, he turned to leave the room. His hand lay idle for a moment on the doorknob, and as he slowly closed the door, a spark of happiness crept into his eyes.

"I wonder", he said in a low voice, "whether that newspaper boy can operate an electric train."

ANN KUMLER, Eleventh Grade

DIARY OF A FOUNTAIN PEN

Thurs., June 1—

I am a blue Conklin fountain pen. My mistress, a high school senior, is seventeen years old. Today was her birthday and I was one of her presents. She and I like each other very much, but I can see that I am in for a lot of hard work.

Tues., June 6—

We have passed our college board exams; she is very thrilled because her parents are taking her to Europe this summer as a reward for her hard studying. I am thrilled, too, because I think that she will take me.

Sat. June 24—

Here we are at last on the boat! My mistress is having the time of her life, but I am tired of writing thank-you notes.

Thurs., June 29—

We docked at Southampton today, and after spending the night here we shall go to London. I am so excited that my ink is jumping up and down.

Fri., June 30—

We arrived today at London. On to send postal cards and to my first meeting with foreign stamps.

Tues., July 25—

Could it be seasickness? I feel so queer. For the first time I have wished that I belonged to a boy from whose coat pocket I could have peered at London Bridge, Buckingham Palace, and Big Ben. I have been almost smothered in my mistress's purse all this time, for she has been doing so much sight-seeing that she has not used me lately.

Wed., July 26—

We are now staying in Paris. I can see the Eiffel Tower from the window of my mistress's room. Although we have gone sight-seeing every day here for a week, there are still more things to see. I enjoy being taken out to write post cards, even though I get tired of the pictures on them, for I can at least see the sights.

Tues., Aug 1—

I am lost! Today, while my mistress was paying a taxi driver, I fell from her purse. I do wish that someone would pick me up, for I have heard many strange things about the gutters of Paris.

Wed., Sept. 2—

"Je suis, tu es, il est, nous sommes, vous êtes, ils sont." I was picked up by a French school girl and am now making *so* many mistakes while writing her homework. Poor thing, she has been getting terrible marks in summer school because of me. If she could only realize that Conklin is not a French make.

Mon., Sept. 7—

What a shock! At school, my new owner is in a club in which the members correspond with American girls. Imagine my surprise when I found out that she was writing letters to my former mistress!

Mon., Oct. 14—

I am going back to America! My present owner is sending me to my former mistress. Since I am almost new and write English excellently, my mistress has decided to send me as a gift from a nice French girl to a nice American girl. I can hardly wait till I get home.

Mon., Oct. 28—

Home at last! My mistress was very surprised and glad to see me. Now I am learning languages as well as I can in case I should have any more European adventures.

COLETTE GEARY, Ninth Grade

MY FIRST DATE

"Sure, I'd love to go! O. K., I'll see you at seven-thirty next Saturday."

Wow! My first date, and with that keen dark haired Billy, who was the dream-boy of everyone in P.....burg.

What should I wear, and how should I act? Oh, well, a whole week to decide. The next day in school he was all I could think of. I asked some of the older girls what to talk about and how to act. You see, I was only a green freshman and *he* was a sophomore. The rest of the week I was the vamp of the school, at least to the girls of my class.

Finally Saturday came. And what a day! It was pouring rain and the temperature was down to 35. I was to wear my new black dress and we were to go to the Scott-Central football game. Around came seven o'clock and I had not even started to think about getting ready. Everyone in the house kept telling me I wouldn't be ready, but I didn't care because I had seen in the movies that the men always waited for the girls.

Well, it was finally seven-thirty and no Billy. Of course I was not ready, but I had also heard that boys were prompt. Now I know quite differently.

I think it was about eight o'clock when he appeared very meekly at the door inquiring as to whether or not I was home. I found out later what the "defuguilty" was. He had asked for his brother's new convertible and after much argument had come in his old model A.

We decided not to go to the football game, on account of the rain, but there was a neat dance at school, so we trotted off to it. After a few more difficulties, such as Halloweeners taking two of his six spark plugs and putting a stick in his horn, we had a wonderful time. I was to be in at twelve, but on account of the Halloweeners (hmn!) I did not arrive until a little later.

What a first date ! ! ! ! !

GERALDINE TEIPEL, Tenth Grade

Laugh and be merry for tomorrow you flunk.

SCANDAL IN THE CLOSET

"Well I declare," said old Mrs. Right Shoe, the closet gossip, "she was out until all hours again last night."

"You would think she would be very tired," answered Miss Coat Hanger.

You see Mrs. Right Shoe and Miss Coat Hanger were neighbors, and were talking over the back rod in Miss Society's closet. Miss Society's newest formal was a beautiful blue slippery satin. Her name was Miss Glamor. Ever since she had moved in, she had been the main topic of conversation and oh, how the others envied her, for she was the big moment in the handsome Mr. Evening Wrap's life. They would have given anything to be in Miss Glamor's place, to be held in Mr. Evening Wrap's arms.

"I think such late hours are disgusting," continued Mrs. Right Shoe.

"Yes, but you know how these debutantes are," responded Miss Coat Hanger.

Just at this point their conversation was rudely interrupted by Miss Society, who at that moment had been infuriated by her maid and had picked up Mrs. Right Shoe and thrown her.

Being left alone, Miss Coat Hanger thought to herself, "I will just run over and see Miss Glamor." Sliding over the rod she came upon her.

"Good afternoon," she said. "You really look quite spry for the hours you've been keeping."

"Oh, good afternoon, Miss Coat Hanger. It's a pleasant day, isn't it? It is such a pity that you couldn't have seen the lovely ball I attended last night."

"I imagine it was really quite the thing, but, as you know, I don't get around as much as you do."

"What a shame! You have to be cooped up in this stuffy closet and never get any of that nice night life."

"Well, at least I don't slam doors so hard that the whole closet shakes. Last night you must have given the door a terrific jolt, because Snookey Shoe Horn came tumbling down from his perch and practically broke his backbone."

"Oh, how thoughtless of me! I was a bit temperamental last night. I think that I will go over and see Snookey; he must have had an awful night."

"Give him my regards."

"I certainly will. Goodbye."

"Good day, Miss Glamor."

Please don't take this little conversation too seriously because this happened two months ago, and now Mrs. Right Shoe has moved to Rubbish Heap county, and Miss Coat Hanger has married Miss Glamor's brother. So all is well in the closet.

DOROTHY HIETT, Tenth Grade

FORSAKEN

When you are with me,
I am gay and happy
Like the trees in spring
Young and brightly dressed,
Singing with the breezes.
Yet when I lose you,
Like the trees in winter,
I become lonely and desolate
Wearing dark mourning,
Singing a morbid song
With the sharp biting wind.

MARTHA JAY, Eleventh Grade

VARIETY IS THE SPICE OF LIFE

I wonder which is worse: enduring my own driving or taking a ride in a taxi. When I drive myself, I at least know what I am going to do; taxi drivers keep me guessing. These men seem to think they are the kings of the highway as they run about in their fine cabs, ranging in color from bright red to black and white checks. As I see one of these cabs of many colors speed toward me, I meekly pull over to the side of the street and the cab goes racing by, but when I ride in these vehicles of modern civilization, I am nervously exhausted by the time I reach my destination. To divert my attention from the ride, I keep occupied by listening to the tick-tock of the meter, hoping I have enough money to pay for my ride.

In this month's *Readers Digest* there is an anecdote which deals with the subject of paying for taxicabs called, "There's Still Chivalry." A young lady taxiing home in New York rather late one night, suddenly realized she didn't have enough money to pay the fare. She rapped for the driver's attention when the meter registered the amount of money she had, explained the situation, and asked to be let out. "Listen, lady," said the driver, "money isn't everything. There's still what you call *chivalry*. You just sit still."

If the driver's picture, which graces the wall of the cab, looks inviting, I try to engage its owner in conversation. The pictures usually remind me of the photographs taken of criminals with their numbers beside them.

That fact reminds me of an experience Mother and I had in New York. Before we left home, we were pleasantly warned that the newest trick of the taxi drivers was to smoke strong cigars, which doped the passenger, so that they could rob him. The minute we descended from the train and got into a cab, the driver took out a big cigar. Mother was so alarmed that she nudged me and immediately opened both back windows. We then drove swiftly down the busy streets of New York with cigar smoke pouring from the windows. Luckily we escaped without a mishap.

The different kinds of cab drivers amuse me immensely. They give me that "variety is the spice of life" feeling as I enter a cab. There is Jacob Goldstein, who gets his enjoyment out of life by giving to each of his customers (they number no less than ten a day) a long oration on his ardent hate of Hitler. He has become such an expert at giving this speech, he now uses hand gestures, an old custom of his race, to make the speech more colorful. These, of course, make the ride quite exciting because there is nothing more thrilling than rounding a corner on two wheels while Jake has his hands in the air and is saying, "Vhat are ve goink to do with des mahn?"

Then comes the common type—"Smarty." When you drive down the same street with him, he tries to see how close he can come to you without bumping you. When you ride in the cab with him, he brags about what a wonderful driver he is. Every other minute "Smarty" toots his horn and yells out the window at some poor innocent driver. His cab usually displays at least one dented fender and a shattered windshield. He goes racing down the avenue, but makes up for this haste by taking the long way around, so the meter reads at least ten cents more than you had planned to pay.

Have you ever jumped into a cab to find a driver who starts talking to you as if he were your bosom friend? He tells of his own family troubles, which consist of anything from the newest arrival, which makes ten children, to his inability to stop chewing. He speaks with fluency in a foreign accent about the celebrities he has had the honor of driving in his cab. I presume it is the greatest talker who makes the most money in the cab business; the man who can keep your mind off the meter as he goes around an extra corner or two is the one who will profit. At least that is what my Scotch instinct tells me.

ANNE JAMIESON, Twelfth Grade

WINTER

UNHAPPY END

STUDY IN PINE

SKIING SOPHS

SNOW QUEEN

BLACK AND BARE

DETERMINATION

OURS BEYOND

EATING AGAIN?.....OR STILL?

LACE.....

WET FUN

BULL'S EYE!

ABANDONED

LOOK OUT!

WHEE!

RUFUS AND POMPEY

With joyful yelps and barks Rufus, so named because of his reddish fur inherited from some one of his mongrel ancestors, pranced gaily amid the nodding poppies. He tossed a mangled bone into the air and gleefully leaped after it. Dropping his prize suddenly, he squatted on his haunches, and twisting his plump body into a furry, quivering knot, he sought to exterminate an audacious flea. Hastily pricking up fuzzy, uneven ears, and wrinkling his nose inquisitively, Rufus scrambled clumsily to his feet and gamboled over to one of the huge poppies. To his sensitive nostrils came the distinct odor of "cat," and even to his adolescent stage of puppy-hood "cat" was wholly disagreeable.

Peeping warily from behind the poppy, Rufus watched with mingled hate and malicious enjoyment Pompey, a lithe grey cat, come strutting down the walk. Her bushy tail twitched back and forth, and her yellow eyes shifted cautiously, though she was unaware of Rufus's impending presence. Gathering his short legs underneath him, Rufus dashed unsteadily out to meet his foe. Skidding to a sudden stop, he regarded Pompey with amazement, for she neither ran nor cried, but only fiercely arched her back and spit angrily at him. Still confident of the superiority of his species, Rufus frolicked in circles about her. His short legs churned up miniature whirlwinds in the dusty path. Pompey's stolid front baffled, but did not balk him. At last he charged. Pompey's saucer-like eyes narrowed, and in them gleamed a faint ironic amusement. Dignified to the last, she dealt Rufus a well timed lady-like cuff on his tender nose, which sent him spinning across the yard, yelping with surprised fear and indignation. Pompey darted gleefully after him and followed as far as the railroad tracks. Then smiling with satisfaction, she sat serenely upon a chunk of coal and diligently licked the dust from her sleek grey fur.

GRACE RATHBUN, Eleventh Grade

MY EXPERIENCE AS A HITCH HIKER

One day when everything was dull around home, I decided to hitchhike around the United States. I packed my bag and bought an old violin, for I had heard that a musical instrument would help you get rides.

The first man to pick me up was an old farmer, who didn't trust me and insisted on searching everything I had. After we had been going a while and I thought I was all set, he stopped the car and told me to get out. Then my hopes dropped because I was out on an old country road, probably sixteen miles from the nearest city. I lay down under a big tree and the next thing I knew, the morning sun was shining in my face.

About noon a very flashy car came speeding by. I put my violin up where the driver could see it and started thumbing. The man stopped and called to me, so I ran up and got into the car. He asked me to come to his house for supper. We went up a long driveway through woods. I had never seen such an elaborately decorated house. Everything was made of gold, even the wallpaper and curtains. The servants came in with gold shoes. There were so many of them that one took my hat, another my coat, and another my violin. I was so amazed that I could not talk, and when we went to dinner, the food was so fancy that I could not eat it.

After all this we went into the living room and my host said he had done all this so that I would play the violin for him. Then my heart sank! A servant brought a magnificent violin and I was told to begin. All I did was to squeak a bit and I could see him getting madder and madder. Finally, he took me by my arm, gave me my bag and violin, and showed me to the door.

ROLAND MacNICHOL, Ninth Grade

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF TWO GOLDFISH

Our lives began in Kresge's 5 & 10c store at 401 Adams Street. Not long after, a lady, an old spinsterish-looking one, came in and informed Miss Gill, the saleslady, that she wanted two goldfish. She said that these goldfish must be quite special. They must have great personality and must be able to amuse her as well as share her griefs. Miss Gill did not know much about the goldfish, as she had been there only a short time and had not had time to get acquainted with us. Not caring much about which goldfish she gave Miss Carson, she just scooped in. *We* landed in her scoop. She held us up, gave Miss Carson a stupendous sales talk on our personalities, and there we were, in a little box, bumping along on Miss Carson's lap.

We arrived, were dumped in a bowl. It was a gooey bowl, all full of a green stuff, which she called seaweed, whatever that may be. My wife and I, rather amazed and at quite a loss as to what to do, wandered around and got acquainted with our new home. In one spot we found a little castle, quite charming and suited to our taste. Of course, had we had our way, we should have made various changes . . . but—oh well. After exploring our chateau, we emerged to find Miss Carson searching the bowl for us, her darling, itty-bitty fishums. She emitted a delightful squeal as we appeared, and gazed pensively into the bowl. We just stared back. In a few minutes a delighted "whee" was heard and a bony hand reached down and fished around for us. We dodged here and there, but soon were captured and drawn out of the water. Miss Carson cooed at us and told us she had decided to call us Essex and Essexie. So Essex and Essexie we remained from that day forth. She told us her life history (very boring) while we almost died from lack of water. Finally the telephone rang, and we were popped back into the bowl. God bless the telephone.

This procedure continued every day with the telephone interrupting our little conclaves. Miss Carson cleaned our bowl the first week, but after that we were left to the dutiful maid, who one day accidentally knocked over our bowl. We, with the water, went streaming down the drain. It was very dark and terrible and we were very much afraid our death was approaching. But after an eternity of black gloom we landed in a delightful little stream. Seizing the opportunity, we decided to build a home. We decorated it after the one we had inhabited at Miss Carson's. Of course we made the changes which I previously spoke of. Now Essexie and I live happily as one can imagine, with numerous little Essexes and Essexies swimming around us.

MARY GORDEN HASCALL, Tenth Grade

A BRIGHT RED LOVE KNOT

When the sun was creeping slowly up the eastern slopes of Mount Moran, I climbed to the top of my haystack. The morning star hung bravely on till the last shadow disappeared over the horizon. Then it faded before the brilliance of the sun. My horses, bright and eager for the new day, tossed their manes and stamped their feet as if disdainful of the slumbering world. Back in the barnyard a sleepy cock crowed to wake its harem of hens, who, scornful of being so rudely awakened, cackled like so many gossiping women. The chimney yielded sooty smoke from the newly stirred fire. A slight breeze fanned my face as I stood there high above the world. Far to the west I saw a shadow of smoke; the Western Express was coming through. I could hear its shrill shriek over the clear air. It brought me back to reality and my barnyard; I plied my pitchfork with a will.

Soon my attention was distracted by a little girl skipping down my lane. Her hair was a luxurious glossy black. It brought back some long forgotten

memory. Strange that after all these years tears should still come to my eyes at the memory of Ally. I fumbled for my watch. I opened the back and there was a tangle of that same luxurious black hair. I looked up at the child and instead of seeing her shining face, I saw a face of the past. It was slim with waves of dark black hair held back by a bright red ribbon bow framing its beautiful paleness. That adorable dimpled chin, which could seem so stubborn if the owner wished! That delightful mouth, which could change in a minute to a smile that no man could resist! Those black eyes, that danced so charmingly, luring one with their curling lashes and curving eyebrows! If I only—I came out of my dreams with a start. The child called to me in a trembling voice.

"Please help me, sir. Mother's horse, Reddy, has lost a shoe and we don't know what to do. Please help. It's just a bit down the road."

I patted her shining curls and promised to help her. We trotted down the road hand in hand. As we came around the bend, I saw a most stunning mare, thorough-bred in every line. I caught the check rein and lifted her to her feet. Since the shoulder was strained, I loosened the harness and led her from between the shafts of the buggy. I turned to the child's mother. My hands clenched. Her face blanched.

"You shouldn't drive alone in the country," I gently said with my heart soaring in the clouds.

"But my papa's dead and we're all alone. Mama has to drive," whispered the child in a timid voice. I caught her hand . . .

* * * * * * *

The sun will still shine tomorrow. My horses will still toss their manes. My hens will still cackle. I shall still work. But my heart may be lighter and there may be a fringe of lace at the window with a bright red bow behind it.

LOUISE FRANCE, Tenth Grade

PRACTICE MAKES PERFECT—OR DOES IT?

I had read once in a book that you are always supposed to reward the dog after he does something right. As you have probably guessed, I was teaching my little spitz to do tricks.

My idea was to teach him to stand on a tiny barrel with all fours and turn slowly around as horses sometimes do in circuses. The first few times I substituted plates, but each time, the plate was broken when I was trying to get him onto it. Then I tried a pie tin and that made so much noise, it scared him, so we didn't get much done *that* day!

This procedure went on until the day came when he had, I thought, mastered a few tricks. That very night Mother had a dinner party and even an orchestra so that her guests could dance. After dinner, Mother asked me to bring my dog in and show the tricks he could do. I was very proud but worried and even tried him in the kitchen to see whether he remembered them. After a perfect showing in the kitchen, we advanced to the living room.

Would he do it? "He just has to," I thought. I asked him to "shake hands." As I feared, he just sat and looked at me! My face started to get red. With steady hope and faith I tried his next trick. Hopeless! He still sat there. My face turned all colors of the rainbow, and the last trick approached! One of the guests offered his opera hat for this trick and I thought of course he would do it right! To my amazement, he got up on the hat at my command, and started turning slowly around! Plop! went the hat and to everyone's laughter, it had collapsed! My poor frightened dog wondered who did the trick after all.

NATALIE BUCKHOUT, Ninth Grade

JONATHAN WATTLES VISITS THE BIG CITY

Jonathan Wattles is an ordinary man, who makes his daily bread from the resources of mother earth. He is married but has only one child, a boy of seven years. The Wattles family dwells in a little white house out in the country about ten miles from the nearest city. They have the usual barn, chicken coop, extra cowshed, and, last but not least, a garage within whose humble walls lies a superb automobile, the Wattleses' pride and joy, their 1929 Buick Special! (Note: Because of the changes decreed by time this extraordinary vehicle is without its upper portions.)

The time is now the Saturday before Christmas with that memorable event falling on the coming Monday. As the title suggests, Jonathan Wattles and his family are going to venture to the city in order that they may brush up on their last minute Christmas shopping. So to get a head start on the crowds, Jonathan gathers in his family about eight o'clock and rolls out the Buick. As it is not unusual for the unpaved roads to be either mucky or many feet deep in snow, the family is held up approximately an hour by the latter obstacle. The customary event of filling up the gas tank also overtakes our friends. So after their tank is refueled, their pocketbook vice-versa, they again attempt to get started without having to encounter any more difficulties.

It appears that the Wattleses are fated for a rough day because Jonathan is weaving in and out frantically, desperately trying to master the customary rush traffic of Saturdays. He is having enough troubles, let alone the twenty-five per cent of the red lights to which he is paying absolutely no heed. You must realize he is unaccustomed to such bustle and the heavy circulation of traffic. After much delay and jerking around, Jonathan finally manages to squeeze into a parking lot.

Their destination is slated first to be the five and ten cent store. Little Timothy gets himself dizzy in the revolving doors, Jonathan's hat is swished off his head and tramped on, and Mrs. Wattles in the scuffle loses a heel. Practically nothing is accomplished inside this store, and so it is decided to take in the city's largest department store. No sooner said than done! On crossing the street Mrs. Wattles decides to flirt with the traffic cop while Timothy wants to blow his whistle and Jonathan desires to poke a driver in the nose for coming within ten feet of him. He remarks afterwards, "Ah reckon ah could've shown him where ah came from."

Well, the Wattleses are just having the time of their lives. They reach the department store and again Timothy gets mixed up in the revolving doors, attempting to go "against the current." It is decided that each member of the family will depart to his or her favorite part of the store. As time elapses, Jonathan feels that his chickens need their grain and water and the cows are in agony, but the remainder of the family are nowhere to be seen. It takes extensive searching before he finds his son, indulging to his heart's content in a couple of ice cream cones. But that isn't all, for it appears that Timothy has become entranced by the magic, incessantly moving escalators of the crowded house. When Mrs. Wattles is finally located, she has a group of packages on or about her, which Jonathan is compelled to carry. The family go into a huddle, coming out with the conclusion that they have had enough.

So with light hearts, all except Timothy, who is dizzy and who has a heavy tummy, this happy family begin their trek to the parking lot. They drive home and at last Jonathan is able to relieve the cows and deprive the hens of their eggs. All is well that ends well.

GEOFFREY BENNETT, JR., Eighth Grade

Life is but a cheese soufflé.

WHEN I KILLED A DRAGON

You know everyone has a dragon that he must kill at some time or other. Well, when I was quite young, I hated walking to school above all; that is, above all except walking to school after it had rained. This was the worst of my dragons. I was not afraid of getting wet, or slipping, but of mud puddles. I had hated mud puddles ever since I could remember. When I looked down into them, I could see the yawning mouth of the grey sky and the bare, scraggly tree tops above me. I was afraid if I walked into the puddles, I would fall headlong into the sky, perhaps never to return. I could not defeat this dragon in any way, and it became quite a terror. Always I walked around or jumped over the puddles, and although other people walked through them and nothing happened, still my fear was not quieted.

One day while walking home from school after a hard rain storm, I ran upon a puddle stretching across the sidewalk and down into the street. It seemed to be ready to swallow anyone at a moment's notice. When I first saw it, I sat down on a nearby step and began to cry. But when I saw that this was doing nothing for me, I began to think. There was no way out of it except to walk into the puddle and fall into the sky. I got up and walked slowly toward it. There was no use thinking about any other way; this was the only one. I stopped on the edge of the puddle, took a deep breath, lifted my head and closed my eyes. Then tightening my fists and gritting my teeth, I took a few small steps into the puddle, expecting any minute to go falling into the sky. Taking a few more steps to catch up with my stomach, I found myself safely on the other side. I turned around, looked at the puddle, and went plodding through it again, and then again. Everything was all right! Nothing had happened! I was still on the earth, and I had slain that dragon!

ELIZABETH RORICK, Ninth Grade

MY FIRST EXPERIENCE WITH A RUNAWAY

Not so very long ago when I was a little girl, I was given a pony. Oh, what a joyous day it was when I, not knowing a thing about ponies, was lifted into the saddle!

My mother was leading me around the front yard telling me always not to be afraid of the pony, who wouldn't hurt me, to put my feet in the stirrups, explaining that that was where most people put their feet, and to hold on to the reins.

As I was just getting calmed down and settled into the saddle, Mother was called to the phone. She left one of our friends holding the pony. The tragedy of it was that the friend didn't know that if she said, "Kic Kic", the pony would take it as a hint and go. Well, she said it, and the pony went!

My heart jumped into my mouth and my head started to swirl. I closed my eyes and something told me to hang on. I opened one eye and all I could see were trees, telephone poles, fence posts, fields, houses—all mixed up with each other and swirling by. I felt the jerk of the pony as he swerved and turned a corner. Every time I could get my breath, I would let out a shriek for my mother. I held on tight, thinking that by now I must be a mile from home. The pony's gallop slowed to a cantor, from a cantor it slowed to a trot, and I felt myself fall slowly off. I landed. I opened one eye and then the other. I took one glance and saw the pony munching the grass very placidly in front of the barn. I was in front of the barn also, sitting on the ground. All the pony had wanted was his dinner. I guess I had a large imagination then because we had gone only about a block from the time we started to the time that I opened my eyes and found us in front of the barn.

MARY HUNTER JOHNSTON, Eighth Grade

SPRING

SUN BATH

FRUIT VENDORS

BACK TO WORK

TALENT SCOUT

ACROSS THE RAVINE

WHILE TINY TOTS SLEEP

OL' SIDE KICK

SOCIAL GABBERS

WILLY WEATHER VANE'S VIEW

"WE'RE OFF TO SEE THE WIZARD"

"STATUES"

ON HIGH

OUR W.P.A

SEVEN FIFTY-FIVE A. M.

I stand forlorn. The icy breath of winter runs merrily through my thin coat. My hands are numb, for in my mad flight, my gloves have been forgotten. The cold bites my ears, and I regret my decision not to wear a hat. None of the people passing in front of me notice the weary stoop of my shoulders nor the filth which my saddle shoes are accumulating from the splash of passing automobiles.

Longingly, I stare into each hustling car as it goes merrily on its way. Some contain children, their grim faces revealing their destination to be school. Others contain business men, scurrying to work after enjoying the luxury of those extra seconds in bed. Many contain women, who, bored with the right side of the road, are now driving on the left. I wonder, vaguely interested, if they are trying to start a new fad.

Here comes a "maybe-I-can-squeeze-in-here" parker, hoping vainly to find a free parking place. He apparently hopes to save a nickel by parking where there are no meters and then walking ten or twelve blocks, for I watch his figure grow smaller and then finally fade away around the bend. Next comes a woman, who must be afraid of going fast because she crawls along with the horns of all the cars behind her making a noise like the "Triumphal March" of *Aida*.

The next car I see is one of ancient vintage. It creaks and groans at every revolution of its dowdy tires. The car is definitely the proud possessor of such things as rose vases, curtains, and many other such useful gadgets. Behind this comes a Normandie-on-wheels with a silent, purring (when audible) motor. The chauffeur's face is set with grim determination to pass, for the preceding car is not only progressing slowly, but is a shining example of what your state police tell you not to be—a lowly road hog.

My eyes now fall upon a huge trailer truck which has stalled in a turn and has now succeeded in blocking traffic both coming and going.

Ah! Now I see it. My lonely vigil is over, for slowly advancing, never (well hardly ever) retreating is Frank and the bus.

KATHLEEN KITCHEN, Eighth Grade

OUR FAMILY AT THE DINNER TABLE

Crash!!

"Nice going."

"Well, I didn't do it."

This is the beginning of a peaceful supper. Of course, everybody is feeling in a peaceful mood, as you can see.

First comes soup. My mother thinks soup is delicious and that we should have it for every supper. My father and I argued her out of having it every night; nevertheless, this is one of the dreaded nights. Everything quiets down except the steady "slurp" "slurp" and the snoring of the dog, when suddenly,

"Ouch! I burnt my tongue."

"Do I have to finish my soup now?" asks little sister.

"No, I suppose not," replies Mother.

Soup is cleared away to let meat and vegetables take a try at the family's likes and dislikes. During all of this there is a steady chatter going on between Mother and Father.

"Who is he?" remarks Babs.

Oh, nobody you know," comes the reply.

"As I was saying," continues my father.

More chatter and then concentrated eating is done by all. The golden silence is shattered by a painful wail.

"What is wrong?" asks someone.

"Oh, I just dropped my napkin ring on the dog's nose."

"Smart thing to do. Good for the dog's nose!"

"Now, children, no more fights."

This quiets the two of the younger generation.

Dessert comes on—cut up fruit, which does not raise a cheer from the family. Then, cup cakes, good old cup cakes, those delicious little creatures. But wait, there are only two. Oh yes! the left-overs from yesterday. Mother takes the first, leaving one.

"I want it!"

"So do I!"

This argument keeps up for a few minutes when,

"All right, you can have it."

"Where is it?"

My sister looks at Dad and sees the last bite disappearing.

"We're all through, aren't we?" says Father in a joyful tone.

RICHARD LENNIHAN, Eighth Grade

KNIT ONE, DROP THREE

Knitting. Purl two, slip one, slop one. Knitting was the only word that aroused any enthusiasm in the scholars of Maumee Valley Country Day School. Seniors in all their dignity, juniors with not-so-much dignity, sophomores, the youngest members of the French Club, and even minors, too young to be in that exclusive circle, perked up at the word *knitting*. You see, the French Club was knitting sweaters for soldiers.

Now, let us take one of the dignified seniors. She had never seen knitting needles until she came to Maumee Valley. But, because everyone else knitted, she couldn't be different, could she? No, certainly not! So, like her classmates, this senior turned to needles and yarn. She wanted to do something simple for a starter, so she went to work on a pair of socks. The sweater would come later. No telling what would have happened if Madame Geary and her expert advice hadn't been there. The dear senior insisted on knitting backwards! Therefore every free period was spent trying to be of some assistance to the senior's socks.

Then there were the not-so-dignified juniors, who knitted sweaters, not because it was their natural desire, but because the French Club and Madame Geary demanded them. They just zipped through their handiwork stopping only to eat, sleep, and do lessons.

The sophomores were not content with socks or army sweaters. They spent their time knitting dashing cardigans of wonderful blues and pinks, soft, downy white evening boleros, and other gorgeous creations of angora. They knitted as well as could be expected, occasionally running to Madame Geary for help.

And last, but not least, we come to the minors. Spurred on by their elders' zeal, they took up the favorite pastime. The little girls clamored for needles to begin work. They were an ambitious crowd knitting sweaters for teddy bears and socks for themselves. The work went slowly and after a week had flown by, they had about one and a half inches completed. Of course many of the week's hours had been spent in ripping out and starting all over again.

And so it goes. When it is time for the school to close for the summer, the pupils pack their knitting bags and leave. Mr. Wandtke, the caretaker, who lives there in summer, says that from eleven to eleven-twenty each day he can hear a faint clicking of needles and a voice saying, "Oh, I think I've done this wrong. Madame Geary, will you help me?"

MARILYN BEIDLER, Eighth Grade

Beard and bus wait for no man.

EVERY DOG HAS HIS DAY

Bob was a Chesapeake Bay retriever and a big fellow. Bob liked certain people and he had his own way of warning those he did not like to keep their distance. As far as other dogs were concerned, he was king of the neighborhood. He was not particularly looking for fights; rather, he minded his own business, but he would not stand for any other dog's interfering with his ideas about this. He never let a single dog enter our yard. If any tried, it was certain trouble for the visitor. On the other hand, Bob always expected to enter any other dog's yard whenever he pleased.

He had one great enemy, a large collie dog. Bob always managed to eke out a victory whenever they battled, but the collie always came back for more. Fortunately this dog lived about five blocks away, but as I went over into this section quite often, Bob, who followed me, got into numerous fights with him.

Bob had reigned king in the neighborhood now for about seven years and was beginning to show his age before finally he met his match. One day when Bob and I were walking, we suddenly found the collie and another big dog, which he had evidently gotten together with to beat Bob. Bob turned around astonished, especially seeing the second, but, nevertheless, he tore at them with super-strength. A furious battle waged. He would just be getting the advantage when the second dog would roll him off. It looked like curtains for Bob, but he still fought all the harder. My object now was to stop the fight, and although Bob went on courageously, he was taking an awful beating. It took many buckets of water finally to separate them. Bob was in by far the worst shape, although he had put up a game struggle against odds. He never lost his courage and he kept the respect of other dogs. But this ended Bob's undisputed reign.

WILLIAM BOESCHENSTEIN, Ninth Grade

MY DRESSMAKING

One day I bought a dress pattern called "Easy to Make." I do not know where it got the name because I never got into so many mix-ups in my life trying to make it produce a dress. It was a regular jigsaw puzzle. After a long search in the attic, which included going through boxes and trunks, I found some white silk material. Mother was out of town. I thought it would be fun to surprise her and have a dress all cut out when she came home. Maybe if I worked hard, I could finish it.

First, I laid the material out nicely, and then I started to pin the pattern on it. After much difficulty I thought I had all the pieces pinned on. When I thought I had them all cut out, I found another piece of the sleeve pattern. What was I going to do? There was no more material. Then I looked down at my feet and, to my relief, there lay a large piece. This was almost too good to be true. I picked it up, and cut the sleeve right out of the middle of it.

Next I tried to put the skirt together. I found the front of the skirt, but oh, when I saw the back of it, there was a large hole in it. The hole looked to me like the pattern of a sleeve. How could I fix it? I couldn't. So I decided I would leave it for Mother to fix when she came home.

The blouse fitted together like a charm. I got it all stitched, ready to be ironed and to put the sleeves and pockets in. Instead of two sleeves I found three, one long, two short. The sleeves did not fit very well because I had put them in backwards as I found out later. Next I hunted for the pockets. There was still one missing. I guessed how it had disappeared. You usually can when you have a baby sister. I went out to find Martie, who was enjoying herself in the game of emptying Mother's box of face powder with evident signs of rouge and lipstick. I had guessed right. She had the pocket, but when I found it, it had changed from white to red. I decided I should have to get along with one pocket.

I got out the ironing board and set to work pressing the dress. I let the iron get too hot and burned a hole thorugh the cloth. That was the end of my sewing that day.

The next day Mother came home. When she saw the dress, she was surprised all right. I had used the material which she had gotten to make herself a summer dress.

MARIE GRUBB, Ninth Grade

CURRICULUM

Math

I hammer at the co-sines and I
Struggle with an angle—
Figure out hypoteni
Until I'd like to strangle—
I figure out the product
Of A times B plus C—
But when you get to "pi-r-square"
That's just too much for me!

French

I've got my nouns down super-pat
And I can reel off *courir,*
I memorized my *parce que j'ai*
And did the same with *mourir.*
It's obvious I know some French,
And yet I do denounce it.
You see, the trouble is just this—
I simply can't pronounce it!

English

(Mr. Stork will see this
When it is completed—
So, for obvious reasons,
This part has been deleted.)

History

We struggle with our chapters
And fill out summary sheets,
We waste away on projects,
And the time that Congress meets—
We fear the wrath of Burbidge,
Who hangs over us like Nero
Because he knows that some black day
We'll all turn in a zero.

Latin

'Tis where I always seem to flunk—
I never do my best,
The passive *almost* kills me;
The gerund does the rest—
I am ruined by the labor of
The secondary tense
But Caesar tops the whole thing
Because *he* fails to make sense!

J. Ford Bennett, Eighth Grade

Don't count your A's before you get them.

On ground, sitting, left to right: Nancy Boeschenstein, Shermie Walbridge, Eleanor Hollister.
On ground, standing, left to right: Charles Johnson, Carol MacNichol, Harriet Levis, Clair Berdan, Robin Foley, Sonny Betz.
On ladder, top to bottom: Peter Hoffman, Bill Ajemian.
On bar, left to right: Jimmy Nordhoff, Gloria Prudden, Margot Bennett, Paula Secor.
Not in picture: Fritz Wolfe.

FIFTH GRADE	SIXTH GRADE
Bill Ajemian	Clair Berdan
Margot Bennett	Nancy Boeschenstein
Sonny Betz	Robin Foley
Peter Hoffman	Charles Johnson
Eleanor Hollister	Harriet Levis
Carol MacNichol	Shermie Walbridge
Jim Nordhoff	
Gloria Prudden	
Paula Secor	
Fritz Wolfe	

FIFTH AND SIXTH GRADES

THIRD AND FOURTH GRADES

THIRD GRADE

Harriet Hollister
Jo Ann Johnson
Babs Lennihan
Annette Levis
Joan Richards
Bill Russell
George Stranahan

FOURTH GRADE

Frankie Batsch
Tommy Boeschenstein
Charlie McKelvy
Jimmy Morris
Pat Stranahan

First row, sitting, left to right: Pat Stranahan, Tommy Boeschenstein, Joan Richards.
Second row, sitting, left to right: Frankie Batsch, Harriet Hollister, Jimmy Morris, Bill Russell.
Third row, sitting, left to right: Annette Levis, Charlie McKelvey, Babs Lennihan.
Standing, left to right: Jo Ann Johnson, George Stranahan.

FIRST AND SECOND GRADES

FIRST GRADE

Cynthia Brumback
Jill Ford

SECOND GRADE

Joan Bentley
Jacqueline Jones
Hutchy Lamb
Lynne Morris

Left to right: Cynthia Brumback, Joan Bentley, Lynne Morris, Hutchy Lamb.
Not in picture: Jill Ford, Jacqueline Jones.

KINDERGARTEN AND NURSERY SCHOOL

Marie Bell
Billy Bettridge
Barbara Jones
Finley Maxson
Carrietta Rains
Sally Tasker
Stephen Stranahan
Sue Vosper
Ellen Waldron
Jackie Yaryan

Children who entered Kindergarten for the Spring Term

Fritzie Bell
Joan Burbidge
David Johnson
John Williams
George Secor, Jr.
David Dodge
Isabelle Hollister
Jean Valiquette
Tod Roemer
Fritzie Betz
Marshall Kievit

Left to right: Barbara Jones, Marie Bell, Billy Bettridge, Finley Maxson, Carrietta Rains, Jackie Yaryan, Ellen Waldron.
Not in picture: Sally Tasker, Stephen Stranahan, Sue Vosper.

AN OLD HORSE

Blockade was an old horse. He had been a steeplechaser. Many records had been broken in his time, but none was so great as the one he himself had broken in 1938. Since that time he had seen many of his sons and daughters carry their jockeys to victory.

One of his sons was entered in the Maryland Hunt Cup at that very time. Blockade had looked over the fence of the pasture he was kept in and had watched his son being worked out. He had whinnied and had run along a while on the other side of the fence. The old negro who took care of him saw that he longed to be running with his son and he saw how he whinnied and snorted as though to say, "I wish they'd let me give him a lesson in racing," so he said to the old horse,

"Don' you worry, Blockade, yo're still jis as fas' as they are. Maybe yo'll have one mo' chance to race." With that he patted him and went back to his work.

The day came for the big race and the grooms all came to the stable, but when they looked in Blockade's son's stall to get him ready for the race, they found him gone! Immediately the groom that took care of him ran to the owner's house to tell him. He was very upset and angry. He asked the groom what he thought had happened. The groom said he thought that the horse had been stolen. The owner called the police, and they said they would catch the crook. The owner and groom knew that their horse had been the favorite and they also knew that he could have easily been stolen because some other person might have bet a lot of money on a horse and they might have thought that they would lose it because this horse had such a chance to win. The owner asked the groom which horse they should enter in the other horse's place, and he said Blockade. The owner said,

"He would probably be fast enough and able to jump high enough, but could he hold out?" The groom said that he was in shape and that the public would be glad to see their old favorite back. The owner said "O. K." but he would hate to see the old fellow ruined and would rather lose the race than that. The groom said that wouldn't happen because he was just itching to go and he was used to hard work.

They got Blockade ready for the race. When it was time, the horses came down to the starting line and were lined up. Then "bang" went the starter's gun and the horses were off. Blockade got a bad start, but he didn't lose any time. He was anxious to be going and quite surprised at finding himself racing again. His jockey eased him up, as he was going to save the most for the last. Blockade was doing well although he was the last horse. They were coming into the thirteenth fence and Blockade was jumping well, but dropping behind a bit.

Suddenly something stirred in Blockade's mind, and he got his old pep and ginger back and really started to go. He passed every horse in the race and really started tearing. Everyone in the crowd roared as he came by. He sailed over all of the fences and came tearing down the last stretch to victory!

When he came home to his own stable that night, he was perfectly happy. His son had been found and the thief had been put in jail. Everyone had petted him until he didn't know what he was doing. The old negro was right; he did have one more race and also he had set a new record. He got an extra cup of oats that night, and the owner came down to the stable especially to see him.

A few days later when Blockade thought about the race, he wondered whether he could do it again, he wondered whether that was his last race, he wondered whether he would ever feel the jockey's pull on the bit, whether he would ever hear the crowd roar, whether he would ever feel himself sailing over fences, or whether he would feel himself flying along the ground.

But then why should he ask?

NANCY BOESCHENSTEIN, Sixth Grade

HORACE'S ADVENTURES WITH JOE

There was a little family of rabbits. There was a mother and a father and two children. One was a boy and the other was a girl. The boy's name was Horace, and the girl's name was Lulu. Horace was a very nosey little rabbit. One day Horace went for a walk in the woods. On the way he met Joe, a friend of his, and asked him to go with him. Joe was a very nosey rabbit, too. They walked and walked. Pretty soon they came to a cave.

"Let's go in this cave," Horace said. So they went in. When they got in the cave, there was a little room in the back of the cave.

"Let's go in this little room. There might be something interesting in it," said Joe.

"All right, let's do," replied Joe. When they went in, they found a secret panel just a little bit open. Below it was a trap door, which they did not know about.

"Let's open that," Joe said. So they ran over there. Before they touched the door, they fell down into a big pit. There were a lot of skeletons around them. There was a very bad witch. Her name was Black Magic.

"Why are you here?" said Black Magic.

"We were going to see what was in that secret panel," Horace replied.

"Will you help us get out of here?" Joe said.

"Of course I won't. You will be put in the dungeon and you will be killed there," replied Black Magic.

"Oh please don't do that to us. We haven't done anything bad," said Horace.

"Oh yes, you have. You were going to steal what was in that secret panel," she replied.

"No, we weren't going to," they said.

"Come with me into the dungeon," she said.

In the night Black Magic was not there and they tried to escape, but they fell into another dungeon that was worse than the other one. Black magic was there waiting for them.

"Where have you been? You tried to escape, didn't you? Well, for that you will be killed the day after tomorrow at daybreak."

The next night they escaped and ran home as fast as they could. Their mothers and fathers were so glad to see them that they didn't know what to do.

CAROL MacNICHOL, Fifth Grade

FLAPDOODLE, THE PENGUIN

Flapdoodle was a penguin who lived at the south pole. He would play with the other penguins. One day he was out catching fish. He would dive down to catch the fish. One time when he came up, he saw two sharks. They saw him, too. Splash! splash! went Flapdoodle under the water. The two sharks were on his trail. Flapdoodle soon got away because he was so fast.

When he got to shore, he was all tired out. A great big walrus was near, and Flapdoodle did not see him, but when he saw him, the walrus was almost on him. Flapdoodle thought it was the end for him. Some explorers saw the walrus after Flapdoodle. One of the explorers took his rifle and shot the walrus and Flapdoodle was saved. The explorer that saved Flapdoodle from the walrus became his good friend. They went out on expeditions together and Flapdoodle would catch fish. The explorer and Flapdoodle lived happily ever after.

BILL AJEMIAN, Fifth Grade

THE CANDY DOG

In a little candy shop on a side street lived a little candy dog. He was not an ordinary little dog. He loved to see all the customers come and go.

One day a lady came into the store and she wanted the little dog. He did not want to leave his friends, so he hid behind a radiator. She was there too long and the candy dog began to melt. He was afraid if she did not go, he would melt altogether. At the same time the man who owned the store didn't want to let the little dog go. So he said,

"There is a very nice candy shop across the street. They would have candy dogs." And the lady went. The man went and took the little candy dog to the candy doctor. The candy doctor said,

"You must put him into the ice-box for two or three days."

"Oh dear! Oh dear! All his friends will miss him and so will I. He will get really hard. I did that to a cat and she got really hard and was so mean I could not do anything with her. I do not want the candy dog to do that."

"All right, only leave him in a day or two," said the doctor. The man was willing to try this. When he got back to the candy store, all the candy dogs, cats, bunnies and birds were singing, "Row, row, row your boat." The old man watched and watched. When the candy dog saw this, he said,

"Please! Put me in the ice box, so it will be over sooner."

The old man said, "If you want me to, I will."

A day later the man opened the ice-box and lifted the dog out. The man was very glad to see the candy dog was not mean. He closed up his store and gave a party. All the other dogs, cats, bunnies and birds were glad the candy dog was not mean, too.

PAULA SECOR, Fifth Grade

THE ELEPHANT WHO WANTED TO BECOME WHITE

Once upon a time there was a baby elephant. He was very happy except for one thing. He wanted to be white. He would walk through the woods, and every animal he met he would ask how he could get white. Of course, they did not know.

One day when Jojo (we'll call him that) was in the woods, he met a little monkey. Jojo said, "Do you know how to become white?"

The little monkey (we'll call him Lolo) said, "Oh, do you want to become white, too? Oh, I would give anything to become white."

"Oh, you would? Well, do you have any plans?" asked Jojo.

"Yes I do. Follow me."

He climbed down the tree and started down the path. They got deeper and deeper into the woods and Jojo was frightened. He said "Oh, Lolo, where are you taking me?"

"Oh, I am taking you to the best part of the woods," said Lolo.

"What time shall I get back? Before dinner?" asked Jojo.

"I don't know," said Lolo.

"It is beginning to get cold, don't you think?" said Jojo.

"No," said Lolo, "don't be so fussy."

On into the woods they went through bushes and vines. It was getting dark, but they still went deeper and deeper into the woods. And now Lolo was getting frightened because he didn't know where he was going, either. He said, "I am going to leave you now, but before I do, I want to tell you that you have your wish. You are so pale from fright that you have turned white." With this the monkey left. The elephant found his way back and never again wanted to be white.

ROBIN FOLEY, Sixth Grade

THE WAR DOG

There once lived a police dog with his master, who was a second lieutenant of the 69th Infantry. His dog wanted to live with him, and if he must, die with him.

When the United States entered the World War, his master had to go with the army. The dog went with him as courier dog. As soon as both had finished training, they were sent to the front. His master's name was William, or Bill as his friends called him. They had been at the front for two days when Headquarters ordered a change. Up came more men. The officer in charge blew his whistle; the drive had started. All of a sudden a hidden machine gun started to shoot. It hit Bill and mortally wounded him. The Red Cross picked him up on a stretcher. His dog was away carrying a message but came right back as soon as he had finished.

The drive failed and the enemy charged right back. The 69th had lost most of its men in their drive, so they needed more men. They sent Bill's dog off with a message to Headquarters for replacements.

The enemy saw him and knew what message he was carrying. They also knew that they must get him at all costs. They shot at him with everything they had. He must have been hit at least three times but he went right on. He got the message through and then he turned around, unmindful of his wounds, and ran right back to his master's cot. They both lived and died together.

JIMMIE NORDHOFF, Fifth Grade

HOW THE GIRAFFE GOT HIS NECK

Once there was a giraffe. The giraffe liked leaves. But he could not get them because his neck was not long enough. One day he was walking in the jungle and his head got caught in a bush. He pulled and pulled and his neck got longer and longer. From then on the giraffe has had a long neck.

TOMMY BOESCHENSTEIN, Fourth Grade

VALENTINE TIPPY

Tippy is a guinea pig that lived with his brothers and sisters. He didn't like to live there, so one day he ran away to a new home. He ran and ran until he came to a little girl's home. It was Valentine's Day when he reached the house. So he was called Valentine Tippy.

BABS LENNIHAN, Fourth Grade

BY THE SHADY POOL

By a shady pool lived a happy turtle. Mrs. Frog lived there, too. Mrs. Frog was going shopping and Mr. Turtle was going to the office. After Mrs. Frog came home from the store, she smelled some smoke. She looked over at Mr. Turtle's house. It was on fire! She called Mr. Turtle and Mr. Turtle came right home. He put the fire out.

Mrs. Frog asked him to marry her. "Yes," said Mr. Turtle. After that they lived happily ever after.

JIM MORRIS, Fourth Grade

Haste makes locker 80.

TOBY'S CHRISTMAS

Toby was the name of a polka dot horse. Toby always got into mischief. It was the day before Christmas. Toby was ready to go with Santa. But Toby smelled something good to eat. It was some molasses. Mrs. Santa Claus was making cookies. So Toby quietly crept into the kitchen while Mrs. Santa Claus wasn't looking. He stuck his nose in the molasses and then he couldn't get it out. So all the toys started to pull and pull. They couldn't get his nose out. Toby was very sad. He wept and wept. So they tried again. This time they pulled ever so hard, and all of a sudden it came out. Everybody bumped into each other. They were very glad about it though because Toby would be able to go with them in the sleigh.

PAT STRANAHAN, Fourth Grade

YOKI

Yoki is a Japanese girl. She has black hair and the funny thing about it all is that she has yellow skin. She wears a kimono which is like a long dress with long sleeves which she uses for pockets. She has slanting eyes, too. She wears the funniest shoes. They are like sandles only they have two straps from side to side up to the top.

GEORGE STRANAHAN, Third Grade

FLIP, FLAP, AND FLOP

It was bed time for the children in the town. It was bed time for wild beasts too. Flip, Flap, and Flop were just going to bed. Mrs. Fluff, their mother, was telling them a story. Now I must tell you that the Fluffs were stray cats. After she had told them four stories, she went to bed. The next day when Flip, Flap, and Flop woke up, they went out to play. Flop yelled, "Flip, see what I found." Flap and Flop looked. "O!" was all they could say. There was a big Valentine. "Who gave it to us?" said Flop. They never could find out. And to this day they have never found out.

JOAN RICHARDS, Third Grade

TOOKEE'S DOLL

Once there was an Eskimo girl. Her name was Tookee and she had a doll. Her doll can be undressed and dressed. Tookee has a grand time with her. She has only one pair of clothes to wear. She wears these clothes all the time. The doll is made of bone.

HARRIET HOLLISTER, Third Grade

THE JOLLY CRICKET

Jolly cricket in the meadow,
Singing a happy tune,
Do you sing all winter long?
Don't you sleep some, too?

JIM MORRIS, Fourth Grade

THE BAD ELF

The little brown elf was bad last night. He jumped in a window and landed on top of a bed. Soon he was chewing the feathers out of the pillow. It began to get light and so he thought he had better get home. Just then he saw a big feather. He got on top of it and the wind took him home.

JO ANN JOHNSON, Third Grade

THE BEAVER AND THE FROG

Once there was a sad frog. He wanted someone to play with. Pretty soon he heard a little noise and out of the pond came Danny Beaver.

"Hello," said Danny Beaver. "How are you today?"

It frightened the frog so that he ran back home and hid under the bed. Then a knock came at the door. It was Danny Beaver. But the frog would not answer it.

Danny Beaver called out, "Is anyone home?" But the frog said, "No."

Danny Beaver just screamed out loud. The frog just shut up his ears and screamed, too.

ANNETTE R. LEVIS, Third Grade

LITTLE BROWN RABBIT

Once there was a little brown rabbit. He lived near a cabbage patch. One day the little rabbit went on an adventure. He met White Dog. White Dog did not like Little Brown Rabbit so White Dog chased Little Brown Rabbit. Rabbit jumped in a window and then he closed the window and Doggie could not get in. The Brown Rabbit was safe and Doggie went away.

LYNNE MORRIS, Second Grade

THE FIRE ENGINE

We went to a fire engine house and I saw a fire engine. It was a big red fire engine. It had ladders on the side of the engine. It had a big light on the top and hoses to squirt water on the fire to put it out. The firemen ride on the engine.

HUTCHY LAMB, Second Grade

THE THREE TURTLES

There was a big turtle. The turtle had three little babies. One day the three little turtles ran away. Their mother looked for them but she could not find them. She was very worried now. So she started to go around the world but she could not find them. When she got home, guess what she saw. She saw her very own little ones. Was she surprised!

JOAN BENTLEY, Second Grade

A cookie in the hand is worth two on the counter.

THE TURKEY AND THE FARM

Once there was a turkey
Who lived on a farm.
His master was kind
And did him no harm.

The wife was in the kitchen
Baking some bread.
The daughter was in the garden
Trimming the hedge.

The son was on the road
Picking up his friend.
The farmer was out of doors.
He had a fence to mend.

The cousin was in the yard
Planting some trees.
The workmen were in the basement
Getting out the fleas.

The farmer told the turkey
Thanksgiving Day was near.
The turkey tried to get away
For of that day he had fear.

The farmer came out next morning
To see where he could be.
He looked in the garden,
He looked in the tree.

The turkey thought and said,
"He can't find any trace of me."
He ran and ran down the road
Till he came to a chestnut tree.

He said, "I am very tired.
I think I will go and rest."
He climbed up into the tree
And slept like a bird in a nest.

JOAN BENTLEY, Second Grade

THE BAD CHICKEN

Once there was a mother hen. She had four little chickens. Their names were Polly, Dolly, Lolly, and Jackie. Jackie was a very naughty chicken. But his sisters were very good little chickens. One day Jackie decided to run away. And he did. He went down to the store where they dye chickens. He fell into a barrel of dye. The keeper saw the little chicken and took him out. He said, "Oh, what a cute little chicken!" He was put in the window where all the other chickens were. One day a lady came into the store and bought Jackie. She took him home with her. When he got to the house, he found out that it was his own home.

He was never naughty again.

ANNETTE LEVIS, Third Grade

DIARY OF WILLY WEATHERVANE

Sept. 12 Old man wind woke me up by excitedly blowing my arms round and round from East to West. From my perch on top of the school roof, I again see, gathering below, the big yellow buses transporting new and familiar faces to Maumee Valley. In the belfry under me the bell proudly rings and we happily commence the school year.

Oct. 11 Hearing a slight circumflex accent in Brutus Bell's 8.45 chimes and seeing Winifred Wasp scanning her Chardenal, I conclude that today marks the premier session of French Club.

Oct. 16 As I looked down on the athletic field this afternoon, I saw the girls dodging hockey balls right and left as they played their annual game with the boys. In my excitement, I twirled around so fast that I made myself dizzy. I was overjoyed to learn that the score was a tie, 1 to 1, for I wanted both sides to win.

Oct. 24 The sophomores sponsor a "Personality Contest" and the atmosphere is clouded with "oomph" for several days. My Elizabeth Arden kit worked overtime, but to no avail! When the results of the contest were read in assembly, there was no mention of Little Willy Weathervane's having the "most graceful arms."

Oct. 30 My informative friend, Winnie the Wasp, warns me to clean my spectacles and prepare to do a lot of reading as "The Followers of the Dragon" start a drive for new and used books for the library.

Nov. 14 I blinked my eyes and looked twice as I saw unfamiliar figures playing on the hockey field. I was informed that they were our good friends from Ottawa Hills, whom our girls have challenged to a hockey game. We won by a slight margin 2 to 0. My nostrils still retain the aroma of roasting wienies from the pot-luck dinner given afterwards.

Nov. 18 Upon entering dreamland last night, I was suddenly awakened by queer noises and mischievous giggles. Old Man Moon smilingly told me that it was only a scavenger hunt, given by the junior class to the senior class, who had brought in the most ads for my namesake, *The Weather Vane.*

Nov. 23 Today, when I heard come up the chimney the echo of dialogue from a stirring Thanksgiving play presented by the eighth grade, followed by songs, I knew that Thanksgiving vacation had arrived.

Dec. 1 "'Twas the night of the Holiday Huddle" and not a creature was stirring—only there seemed to be lots of stirring down below in the gym hall, where the girls were hosts to their fathers at a party. I heard many speeches, lots of singing and an abundance of laughter over a humorous skit.

Dec. 18 Last evening my curiosity was definitely aroused when I saw many cars approach the candle-lighted school. I later learned from my friend, Sammy Sparrow, who had a box seat on the window sill outside the gymnasium, that a Christmas play was given. The angels' songs, and the manger scene, he said, were very touching.

Dec. 22 About noontime today shouts of joy signified the arrival of Christmas vacation. Lucky pupils! I shall be most lonely sitting all day on top of an empty schoolhouse.

Dec. 24 As I was counting on a quiet evening, along came all the pupils back to school again. And this time they brought with them many former pupils. Everyone scurried toward the gym, from where gentle dance music and shouts of spectators at a basketball game drifted to my ears from the "Pine Frolic," a Christmas party for former Maumee Valley students.

Jan. 18 I was resting peacefully today when, all of a sudden, I heard queer noises come out of the chimney. Mrs. Beverlin was describing to the pupils the various instruments of a symphony orchestra. The noises I heard were the instruments being demonstrated on a victrola.

Jan. 22 I was quite surprised today at the silence which surrounded the entire school. But Blackie, the snowman, told me that all the students were taking mid-year exams. He had heard them talking of them while they were making repairs on his right arm, which was slightly frost-bitten. While I was directing several bird friends southward, my heart ached for my friends in the assembly room. I bet they wished *they* could fly south!

Feb. 7 In what a roundabout way I get my news! Today I heard from Carrie Cardinal, who heard from Willy Worm, safely hidden in an apple in the new Smead Room, that yesterday at assembly time, Mrs. Paul Alexander gave a very interesting review on a series of books which tell about the most famous rivers in our country.

Feb. 25 Sammy Sparrow told me that he flew down to Trilby, Ohio, yesterday to see the County Basketball Tournament. Our boys lost in the finals, the only game they have lost this year. After the game Sammy heard the boys talking enthusiastically about another game to be played at M. V. on March 1, between them and the cadets from Howe Military Academy. I wish that my arms were supple, so that I could play basketball!

Mar. 18 This morning Curly Smoke told me about the senior play, *Quality Street*. He said he hardly recognized Anne, Patty, and Betty in their funny bonnets, that Anita made an amusing love-sick servant, while Dorothy, as the dainty heroine, Marcia, her algebra-puzzled sister, and Joan, their flirtatious friend, were very demure old-fashioned ladies.

Apr. 12 Parlez-vous français? Old man wind said he wished he could, for when he saw *Mayerling*, a French movie presented by the French Club this afternoon, he couldn't understand a word. I wish I could have seen the pictures!

May 3 "Ship ahoy, mate!" I hardly knew what to make of this nautical greeting from Ronny Robin this morning, but he explained that he hadn't yet gotten out of the swing of the "Crew's Cruise," the fathers-sons banquet held in the gym last night.

May 10 Ronny Robin said that he saw a very graceful dance recital this afternoon in the gym given by the novice and advanced classes. I feel like dancing myself, today, for I have just been informed that my diary is going to appear in the *Weather Vane*. It makes me feel just like Samuel Pepys! And so to press!

FASHION NOTES

Maumee Valley has been bursting into a bloom of bright colors, its fashion leaders expressing their gay moods in styles as varied as their wearers. Orange sweat pants and shirts, boldly embroidered in black with the words "Country Day School" are the predominating fad on the athletic fields this year, while the tennis court sees scanty shorts, almost entirely hidden by shirt tails, which have been hanging out since September.

Lost: several stitches; found: three big holes. All sorts of hand-knitted articles are back again. We choose from among them coral angora socks for pleasure and, for usefulness, expansive blue sweaters (light or dark) for the French soldiers; price: $1.00.

The Scotch style of knee-length socks and plaid shirts has invaded M. V., the first advocate of the fad being Mimi Rorick, who wears them in white crochet,

though they were seen on others in many bright colors. Pity for the Chinese (*perhaps* inspired by Mr. Ohlinger) has driven two of our prominent faculty members to boycotting Japan by wearing lisle stockings.

Jingle, jingle. Bells and bubbles adorn the necks of faddish young students. Outstanding are Grace Rathbun's bubble necklace and bracelet to match, whose lucidity gives them a fragile appearance, although they are surprisingly substantial. Around Clair Berdan's neck has been noticed a chain of multi-colored pencils. Rolie's glass tie takes the spotlight in male neckware.

This year dainty velvet skirts have replaced the baggy snowpants of former skating excursions. On Swan Creek were often seen Alice's and Gerry's brightly lined skating skirts. They made a gay contrast to the snappy red windbreakers and detachable hoods. Jo Woolley started the craze of white rabbit fur mittens, which were soon eagerly sought after by all the young moderns.

One of our most prominent leaders is sporting a new green checked coat, or has your attention already been called to it? Similar plaid or plain coats replace on Mothers' Luncheon days the sweaters habitually worn by the boys.

Two of our seniors have found it fashionable to arrive at school in snappy new cars: color, blue; style, convertible. And have you noticed the curly coiffures of two of our graduating class? Marcia's and Anne's baby hair cuts are most becoming. A useful as well as attractive innovation is the plaid bag carried by Anita Haskell. It contains separate compartments for everything from knitting to lipstick.

The effect of *Gone With the Wind* can be seen in the dining room as potatoes and bread leave the table untouched (sometimes). We hope that that eighteen inch waist line for which many of us are striving will be the most permanent of all these new vogues.

The coming of spring has brought forth many dainty white lingerie blouses, amply trimmed in lace, over which the girls are again wearing plaid and checked jackets, while dingy gray saddle shoes are once again white. Tennis rackets arrive daily, and when not on the court, many of our athletes may be found skipping rope or working their yo-yos.

FAMOUS QUOTATIONS

No potatoes, please!
Who has a red pencil? Gordie?
I served yesterday.
Go get an excuse.
You can't hear the buzzer downstairs.
Taisez-vous!
Put your glasses on a tray!
Are you chewing gum again?
What's at the Paramount?
Don't you know you're on the black-list?
She makes me so mad!
May I open the transome?
Great Dobbs!
Let's shoot—Alice!
Oh, your colors!
It's snowing down south!
Pass the butter, please.
One dish . . . . 15c.
Tw—e—e—e—e—t!!
Stick your shirt-tails in!

HER DAY

NOTE: The following diary which we have come upon by accident seems to us a document of such human interest that we feel it should be shared with the public. It was found in a tattered condition in a scrap basket and pieced together by the *Weather Vane* staff. Blanks indicate words in the original which were too obscure or too smudged to decipher, or words which the writer had thoroughly obliterated in evident fear of disclosing some secret. There were other passages which we felt it wise to censor.—The Editors.

Jan. 8 Back to school. How swell! Now I can see HIM every day. Gosh, but week-ends will seem long!

Jan. 25 He sat in front of me in the math exam and stayed the full three hours. So did I.

Jan. 26 Flunked my math exam.

Feb. 5 Gloomy Monday! Got a D in French. T..... told Lutie that he didn't like my new hair-do. Lutie told Nancy, and Nancy told me. Had soufflé for lunch—Terrible! Called D..... last night and said it was Betty Dee. He said—(censored). Finally told him who I was and he hung up.

Feb. 19 Had a terrific snow ball fight with HIM. Made the curl come out of my hair. Hope he didn't notice it. He served today. So did I.

Feb. 22 Saw the basketball tournament. He was the best player on the team.

Feb. 29 Wore my new sweater. Everyone liked it. H..... took my hair ribbon but promised to give it back tomorrow. He makes me so mad. C..... sat in front of me on the bus and kept turning around. He has nice eyes. Played the victrola trying to keep awake for the "Insomnia Hour." They played "Faithful Forever," dedicated to ME, from ..... (Hope he doesn't find out *I* sent it in—but then it *is* leap year!)

Mar. 1 The bus was late today, but so was I. I changed my clothes three times this morning and after each change I was more dissatisfied than ever. S..... sat at my table in study hall. We played—(censored). R..... sharpened my pencil for me when I asked him, but afterwards he broke it. I shall make him buy me a new one. Curled my hair at 8:30 and went to bed at 9:30.

Mar. 7 WOW!! HE asked me to go to the Pine Frolic with him! Trying to persuade Mother to get me a new dress, shoes, etc. Three weeks away!!

Mar. 8 I didn't know my French, Mr. Johnson kicked me—(censored), I'm on Miss Beard's "black list," my history book got left on the bus, and Mr. Stork practically wept at my ignorance, but I don't care, for HE is taking me to the ending dance.

Mar. 15 Wore my new dress to see *Quality Street* but HE's coming tomorrow night. Wonder if I can afford to go again. So disappointed that Dotty and Mr. Thornburgh didn't—(censored).

Mar. 28 Last night (*Pine Frolic*) cannot be expressed by mere words—"The course of true love runs thick"—or something.

April 13 The end of the week is always the happiest day. B..... took us to a movie after school in his keen new station wagon. I spoke for the front seat first but Meg got in ahead of me. I showed I didn't mind by being exceptionally nice to W..... Stayed at Marilyn's all night and didn't get to sleep until four.

April 20 Studying outside today when HE came over and sat down beside me. Can't seem to get my homework done lately.

April 25 Well, tomorrow's the closing dancing school party. Ripped that huge sash and those pink bows off my formal. Mother furious, but, as I told her, one doesn't go to a formal dance at *my* age looking like a six year old.

April 26 Last night a big success! .....'s cousin was there in a smooth military uniform. Maybe I don't like ..... so well after all.

ACTIVITIES

STUDENT COUNCIL

OFFICERS

Patricia Stickney, President and Senior Representative
Martha Jay.....Secretary and Junior Representative
Dorothy Hiett.....Sophomore Representative
William Baker.....Freshman Representative
Geoffrey Bennett.....Eighth Grade Representative
Bruce Belknap.....Seventh Grade Representative
Clair Berdan.....Fifth and Sixth Grade Representative
George Stranahan.....Third and Fourth Grade Representative
Mr. Stork .....Faculty Adviser

Sitting, left to right: Geoffrey Bennett, Mr. Stork, Clair Berdan, Patricia Stickney.
Standing, left to right: Martha Jay, Dorothy Hiett, George Stranahan, Bruce Belknap, William Baker.

Sitting, left to right: Alice Rathbun, Gordie Hascall, Gerry Teipel, Madame Geary, Louise France, Dorothy Hiett, Joan Gipe, Marcia Dodd.

Standing, left to right: Ann Kumler, Martha Jay, Betty Hower, Anne Jamieson, Ruth Hankison, Betty France, Anita Haskell, Patty Stickney, Grace Rathbun, Dorothy Gillette.

Not in picture: Josephine Woolley.

OFFICERS

President.....Anne Jamieson

Vice-President.....Betty France

Secretary and Treasurer.....Ruth Hankison

FRENCH CLUB

Left to right: Geoff Bennett, Dick Lennihan, Mr. Burbidge, Bruce Belknap, Scott Hayes, Ford Bennett, Lucy Lancashire, Marilyn Beidler, Boots Johnston, Tony Walbridge, Luette Goodbody, Rusty Heymann, Hamie Kirchmaier.

Not in picture: Betty D. Morris, Chuck Terry, Nancy Wall, Dilys Edmunds, Kathleen Kitchen, Martha Wolfe.

OFFICERS

First Semester

President.....Dick Lennihan
Vice-President.....Luette Goodbody
Secretary.....Marilyn Beidler
Treasurer.....Ford Bennett
Guardian of the Den.....Bruce Belknap

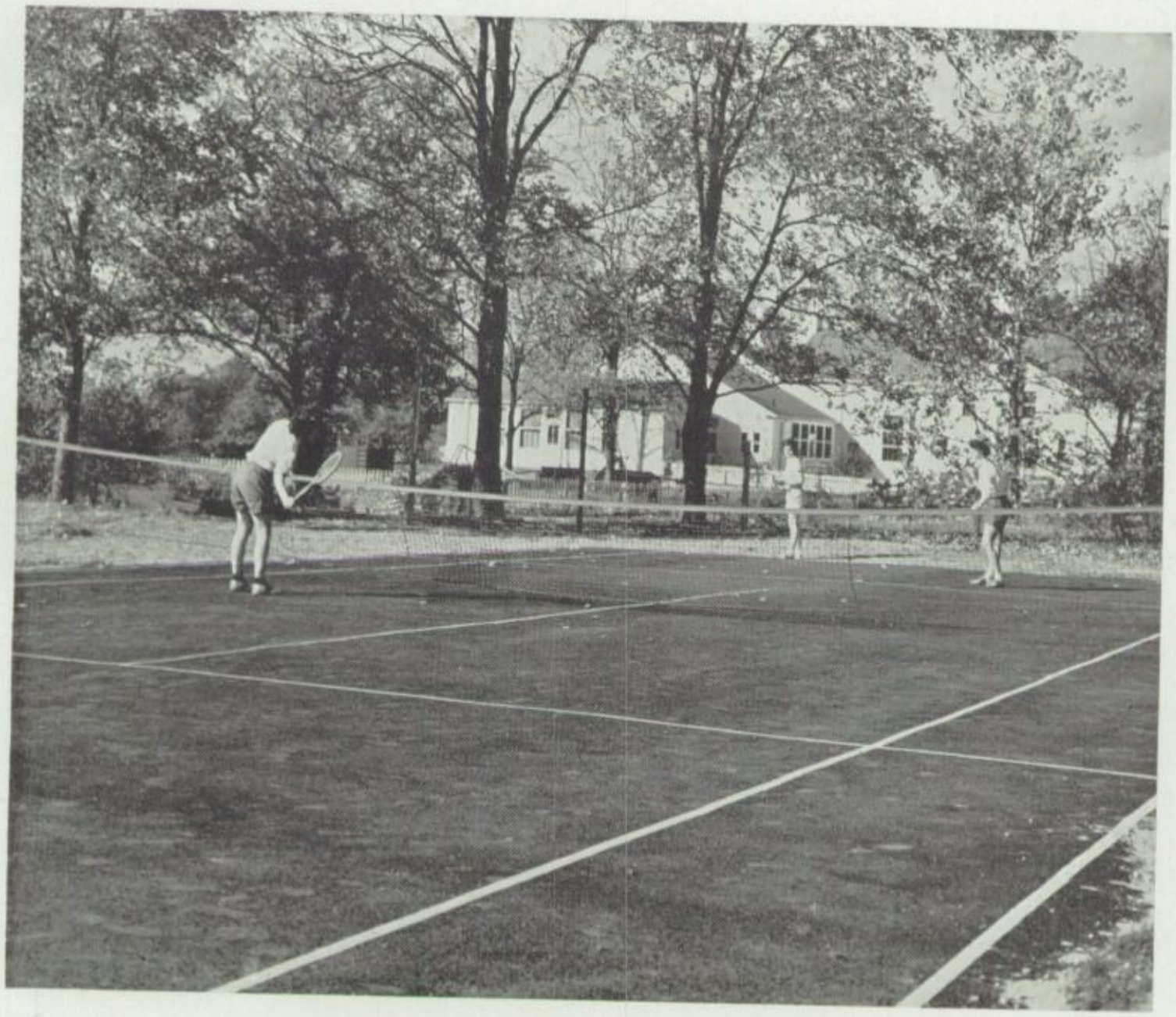
Second Semester

President.....Bruce Belknap
Vice-President.....Scott Hayes
Secretary.....Dilys Edmunds
Treasurer.....Marilyn Beidler
Guardian of the Den.....Hamie Kirchmaier

FOLLOWERS OF THE DRAGON

THE NEW TENNIS COURT

Situated across the ravine, the tennis court is a dream come true. Thanks to a long period of money raising, to donations from the seniors, the mothers' group and last but not least, a gift of the necessary stone from Mr. France, we were at last ready to build. In the spring we impatiently watched Fred Christen & Sons lay the foundations. By fall Mr. Burbidge and the boys were erecting sturdy backstops and installing drainage pipes. Now tennis is a welcome recreation for enthusiastic players during free time any day.



Sitting, left to right: Marilyn Beidler, Louise France, Betty Hower, Colette Geary.
Kneeling, left to right: Grace Rathbun, Nanny Buckhout, Dorothy Hiett, Gerry Teipel.
Standing, left to right: Patty Stickney, Joan Gipe, Anita Haskell.
Not in picture: Nancy Wall, Jo Woolley, Lucy Lancashire, Boots Johnston, Luette Goodbody.

GIRLS' SPORTS

Hockey—Fall, 1939

October	17	Brown	2	Orange	2
November	9	Brown	3	Orange	2
November	14	Ottawa Hills	0	M. V. C. D. S.	2
November	21	Brown	1	Orange	3
November	28	Brown	2	Orange	0

Left Wing ..... L. France*
Left Inside ..... Teipel*
Center ..... Gipe*
Right Inside ..... Hiett*
Right Wing ..... Beidler*
Left Half ..... Hower*
Center Half ..... G. Rathbun*
Right Half ..... Haskell*
Left Full ..... Goodbody*
Right Full ..... Geary
Goalie ..... Stickney*

Note: * Indicates members of All Star Hockey Team.

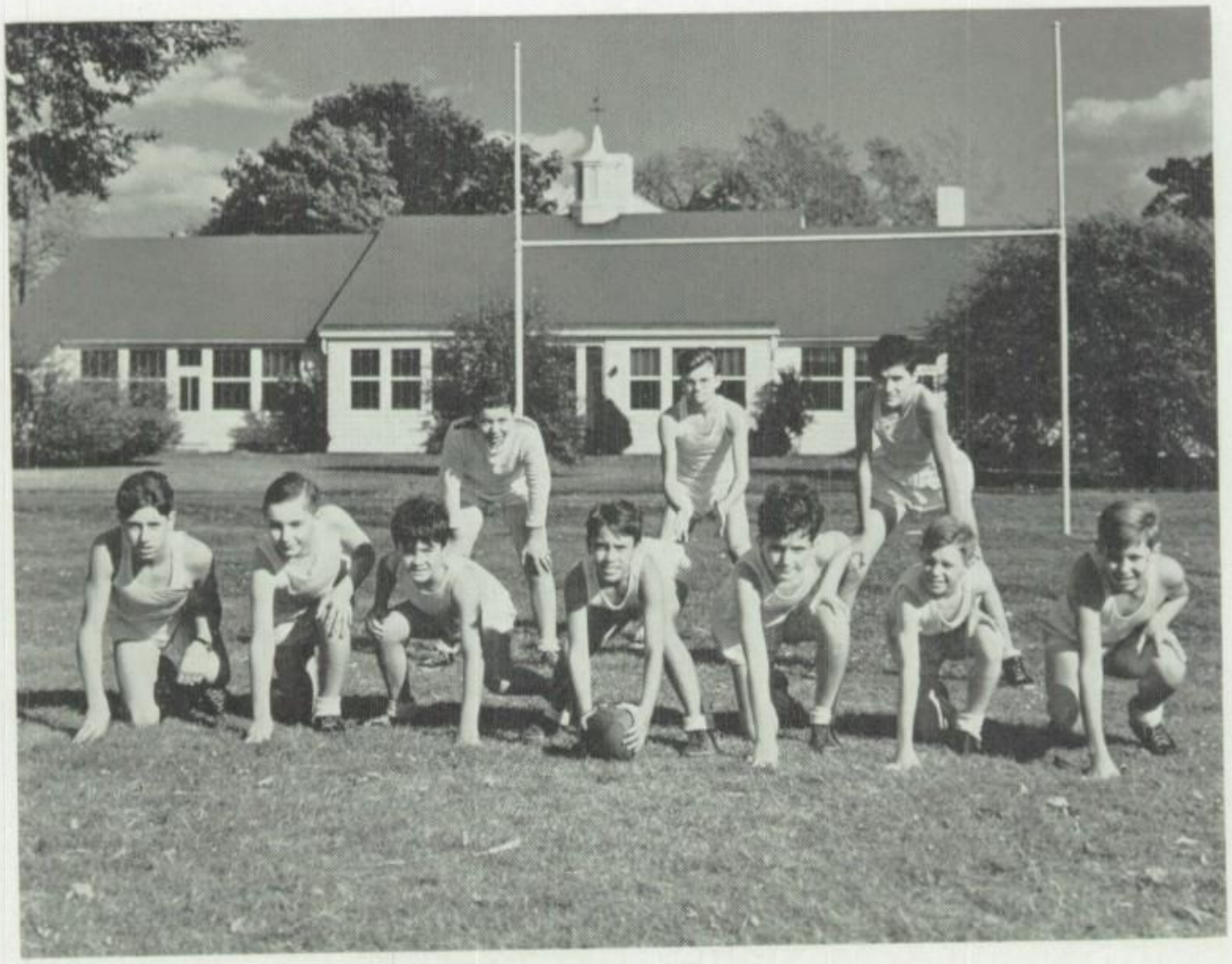
ORANGE HOCKEY TEAM

BROWN HOCKEY TEAM

Left Wing	Kitchen
Left Inside	Hankison
Center	Dodd*
Right Inside	Hascall*
Right Wing	B. France*
Left Half	Jamieson*
Center Half	A. Rathbun*
Right Half	Jay*
Left Full	Rorick*
Right Full	Morris
Goalie	Kumler*

NOTE: * Indicates members of All Star Hockey Team.

Sitting, left to right: Gordie Hascall, Ann Kumler, Marcia Dodd, Mimi Rorick.
Kneeling, left to right: Marty Jay, Alice Rathbun, Anne Jamieson, Dorothy Gillette.
Standing, left to right: Ruth Hankison, Betty France, Joyce Kinsey.
Not in picture: Martha Wolfe, Betty D. Morris, Dilys Edmunds, Marie Grubb, Kathleen Kitchen.



Front row, left to right: Hamie Kirchmaier, Ford Bennett, Pat Stranahan, Jimmy Morris, Bill Ajemian, Chuck Johnson, Scott Hayes.
Back row, left to right: Rusty Heymann, Geoff Bennett, Bill Baker.
Not in picture: Sonny Betz.

INTRAMURAL TEAM SPORTS

Touch-Football
Speedball
Basketball
Volleyball
Softball
Baseball

VARSITY SPORTS

Basketball
Baseball

INDIVIDUAL SPORTS

Tennis
Ping-Pong

TOUCH-FOOTBALL

TOUCH-FOOTBALL

ATHLETIC AWARD REQUIREMENTS

450 points—Two-inch letter
900 " —Four-inch letter
1400 " —Six-inch letter

THOSE HOLDING AWARDS, 1940

SIX-INCH LETTER

Roland MacNichol
William Boeschenstein

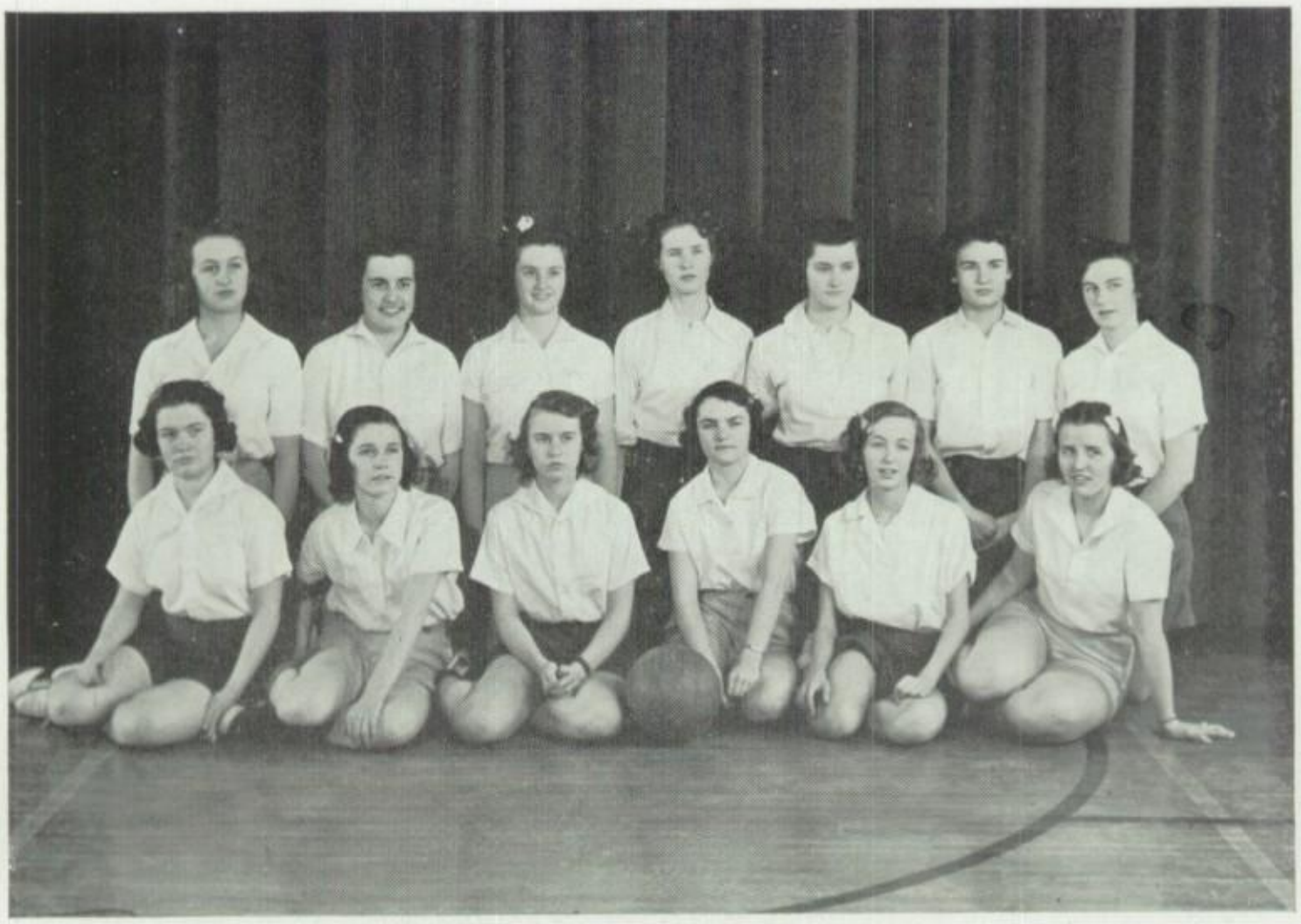
FOUR-INCH LETTER

Robert Rorick
Scott Hayes
Geoffrey Bennett
William Baker
Hampton Kirchmaier
Bruce Belknap
Carleton Walbridge
Richard Lennihan

TWO-INCH LETTER

Ford Bennett
Charles Terry
Paul Heymann

Front row, left to right: Bill Boeschenstein, Charlie McKelvy, Bruce Belknap, Tony Walbridge, Jimmy Nordhoff, Peter Hoffman, Scott Hayes.
Back row, left to right: Bob Rorick, Rolie MacNichol, Dick Lennihan.



Kneeling, left to right: Joan Gipe, Patty Stickney, Grace Rathbun, Anne Jamieson, Alice Rathbun, Marcia Dodd, Betty France.

Sitting, left to right: Marty Jay, Louise France, Gordie Hascall, Gerry Teipel, Mimi Rorick, Betty Hower.

BASKETBALL 1940

February	9	M.V.C.D.S.	12	Ottawa Hills	20
March	1	Brown	16	Orange	11
March	8	Brown	14	Orange	19
March	26	Brown		Orange	

ORANGE TEAM		BROWN TEAM
G. Rathbun	Forward	Dodd
Hower	Forward	Hascall
Teipel	Forward	A. Rathbun
Gipe	Guard	B. France
Stickney	Guard	Jay
L. France	Guard	Jamieson
Subs.—Haskell, Hiett		Sub.—Rorick

ALL STAR BASKETBALL TEAM

Forward	Hower
Forward	Dodd
Forward	G. Rathbun
Guard	Gipe
Guard	B. France
Guard	Jay

Subs.—A. Rathbun, L. France, Teipel, Jamieson

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

BOYS' BASKETBALL

SEASON'S RECORD. 15 games won—1 game lost.

M. V. C. D. S.	31	Monclova	7
"	24	Perrysburg	21
"	29	Holland	21
"	26	Monclova	7
"	35	Bowling Green	33
"	32	Howe Military Academy	28
"	26	Glenwood	9
"	13	Ottawa Hills	8
"	30	Waterville	13
"	25	Ottawa Hills	14
"	18	Whitmer	9
"	19	Howe Military Academy	15
"	22	Glenwood	12
"	22	Bowling Green	13

TOURNAMENT GAMES

M. V. C. D. S.	14	Holland	10
"	9	Ottawa Hills	21

Front row, left to right: Tony Walbridge, Ford Bennett, Chuck Johnson.
Center row, left to right: Dick Lennihan, Scott Hayes, Hamie Kirchmaier, Rolie MacNichol, Geoff Bennett, Bill Boeschenstein.
Back row, left to right: Rusty Heymann, Bob Rorick, Bill Baker, Chuck Terry, Bruce Belknap.

MUSIC

RHYTHMS

One of the most important factors in musical education is the training in and development of rhythm. There is little doubt that rhythm is the aspect of music which appeals earliest to children. A sense of rhythm is first developed by simple marching, skipping, clapping, running and the like, the children determining which act is best suited to the music.

A fuller responsiveness and a more subtle discrimination gradually develop into improvising simple dances. The children who are kneeling in the picture are pretending to beat an imaginary Indian drum which is a part of their Indian dance.

After they have had sufficient experience in creative rhythm, a more directed kind is introduced. Emile Jaque-Dalcroze began this type of rhythm twenty-five years ago at the Conservatory of Geneva, Switzerland.

Listening to a song played, the children learn to step values of notes and then translate what they have measured into a printed notation, and the meter in which the song is written is measured by moving their arms to the music. These two actions are learned separately, and the putting of them together takes a great deal of concentration and coordination.

The other children in the picture are ready to start a rhythm pattern as their arms go down on count one and their feet are ready to step out the value of the notes.

The two rhythms in the picture never go on at the same time, but are pictured here merely in an attempt to show two stages of the development.

SPRING PROGRAM OF DANCES

May 10, 1940

I. Spring Fantasy.....Valse Brilliante—*Chopin*
Intermediate Group

II. The Hickory Stick.....Folk Tunes
Advanced Group

III. All for Beauty, Valse Charmante—*DeMainsville*
Junior Class

IV. Momentum.....Sailors' Song On The Sea—*Schumann*
Intermediate Group

V. Gypsy Revels.....Anita's Dance—*Grieg*
Fifth and Sixth Grades

INTERMISSION

VI. Companion-Piece, Pollichinelle—*Rachmaninoff*
May Night—*Palmgren*
Joan Gipe and Dorothy Gipe

VII. International .....Polonaise—*Chopin*
Advanced Group

General Manager—Gerry Teipel

Stage Manager—Alice Rathbun

Programs—Mary Hunter Johnston

Choreography by the students

Musical arrangements and accompaniment by
Maryetta Beverlin

Left to right: George Stranahan, Joan Gipe, Joyce Kinsey, Martha Wolfe, Louise France, Hampton Kirchmaier.

THERE WAS ONE WHO GAVE A LAMB

A Nativity Play

With Traditional Carols

by

Annette Mason Ham

Maumee Valley Country Day School

December 17, 1939

CHARACTERS

Angel ..... Joyce Kinsey
Man with Bag of Grain ..... Scott Hayes
Man with Bag of Gold ..... Geoffrey Bennett
Little Girls with Basket of Flowers .... Eleanor Hollister
Carol MacNichol
Their Mother ..... Ruth Hankison
Boy with Lamb ..... George Stranahan

Tableau—Manger Scene

Joseph ..... Hampton Kirchmaier
Mary ..... Louise France

Chorus of Angels

From 3rd, 4th, 5th, 6th Grades

Frank Batsch
Margot Bennett
Clair Berdan
Nancy Boeschenstein
Robin Foley
Harriet Hollister
Charles Johnson
Jo Ann Johnson
Harriet Levis
James Morris
Lynne Morris
Gloria Prudden
Paula Secor
Mary S. Walbridge

Standing, left to right: Lynn Morris, Charles Johnson, Harriet Levis. *Kneeling in this group*: Eleanor Hollister, Carol MacNichol.
Standing: George Stranahan, Scott Hayes, Hampton Kirchmaier; Louise France (*seated*); Margot Bennett, James Morris, Jo Ann Johnson. *Kneeling with back to camera*: Geoffrey Bennett.

In doorway, top to bottom: Anne Jamieson, Patricia Stickney, Betty France.
Standing, left to right: Dorothy Gillette, Marcia Dodd, Anita Haskell, Joan Gipe.

THE SENIOR CLASS

of

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"Quality Street"

FRIDAY AND SATURDAY
MARCH 15-16, 1940

Production under personal supervision and direction of

FRED EMMETT

Repertoire Little Theatre of Toledo

CAST

In order of their appearance

Miss Susan ..... Marcia Dodd
Miss Fanny Willoughby ..... Betty France
Miss Mary Willoughby ..... Patricia Stickney
Miss Henrietta Turnbull ..... Anne Jamieson
Miss Phoebe ..... Dorothy Gillette
Patty ..... Anita Haskell
Recruiting Sergeant ..... Fred Emmett
Mr. Valentine Brown ..... Rex Thornburgh
Charlotte Parratt ..... Joan Gipe
Ensign Blades ..... Ruston Ayers

ACT I—The sitting room in the house of the Misses Susan and Phoebe Throssel on Quality Street. Afternoon, 1805.

ACT II—Same, ten years later. Noon, August, 1815

TEN MINUTES INTERMISSION

ACT III—Same, the next day. Morning.

Left to right: Dorothy Gillette, Marcia Dodd, Anne Jamieson, Patty Stickney, Betty France.

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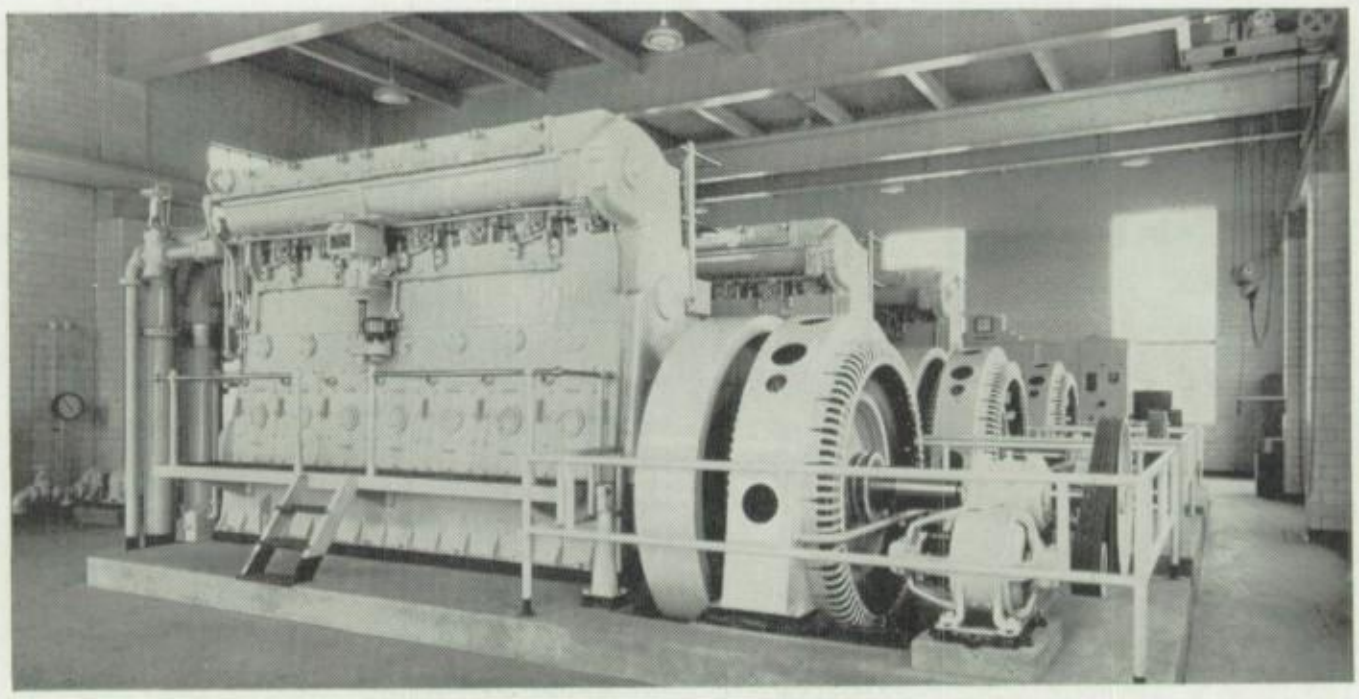

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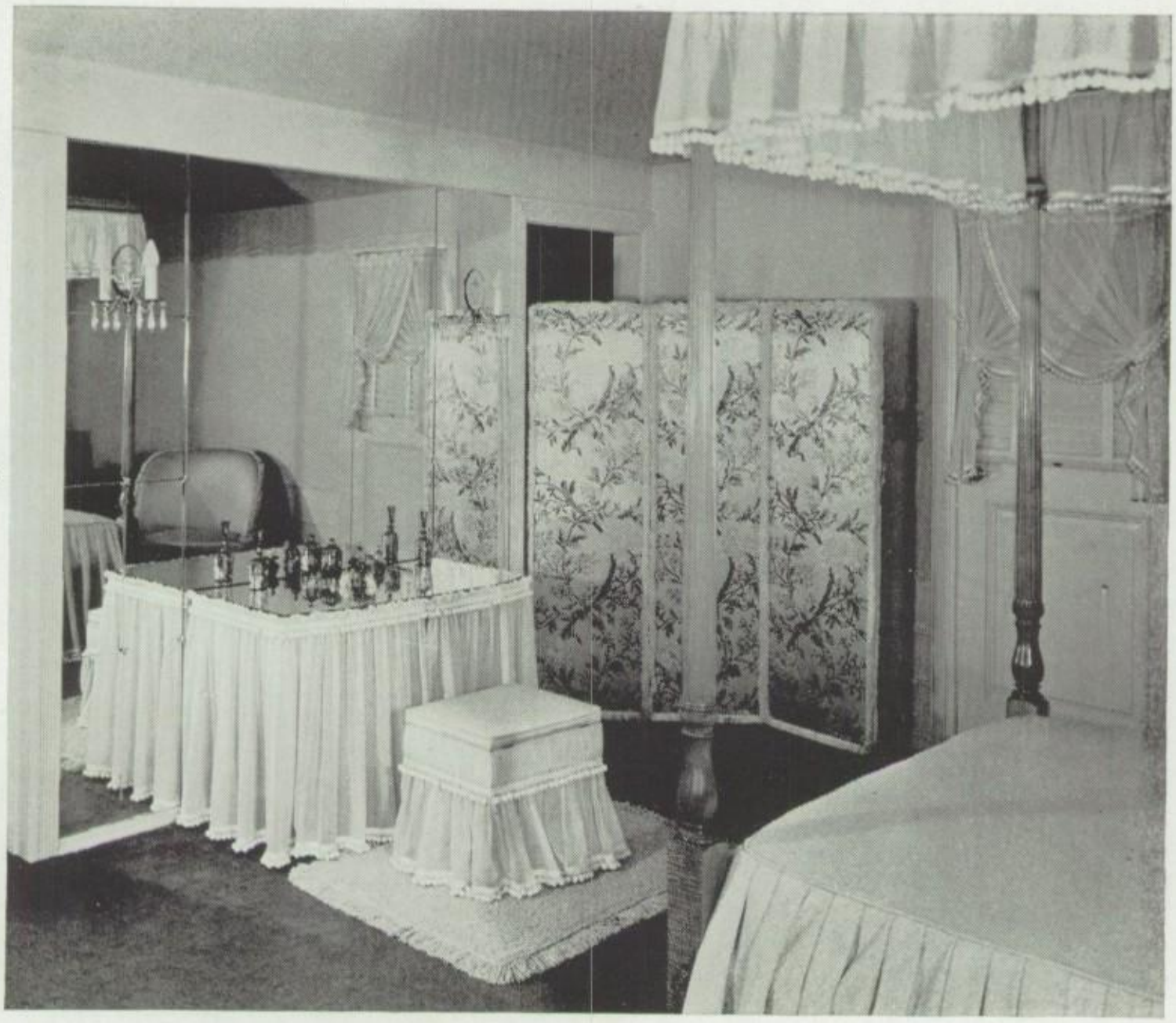

Star light, star bright....

Ginger's Home's a Lovely Sight!

Here we see part of a room in Ginger Roger's new home. Ginger, whose twinkling toes have carried her to bright stardom in Hollywood's heavens, eschews many of the frills and furbelows of her set. She goes in for lightness and brightness, as you can plainly see.

Mirrors play an important role in Ginger's decorative scheme. And so they should in yours, too. Mirrors of clear and brilliant white, or delicately shaded blue or peach or green. Mirrors for utility and mirrors placed solely for decorative use. They can absolutely transform your home—make every room bright and cheerful, seem *lots* bigger!

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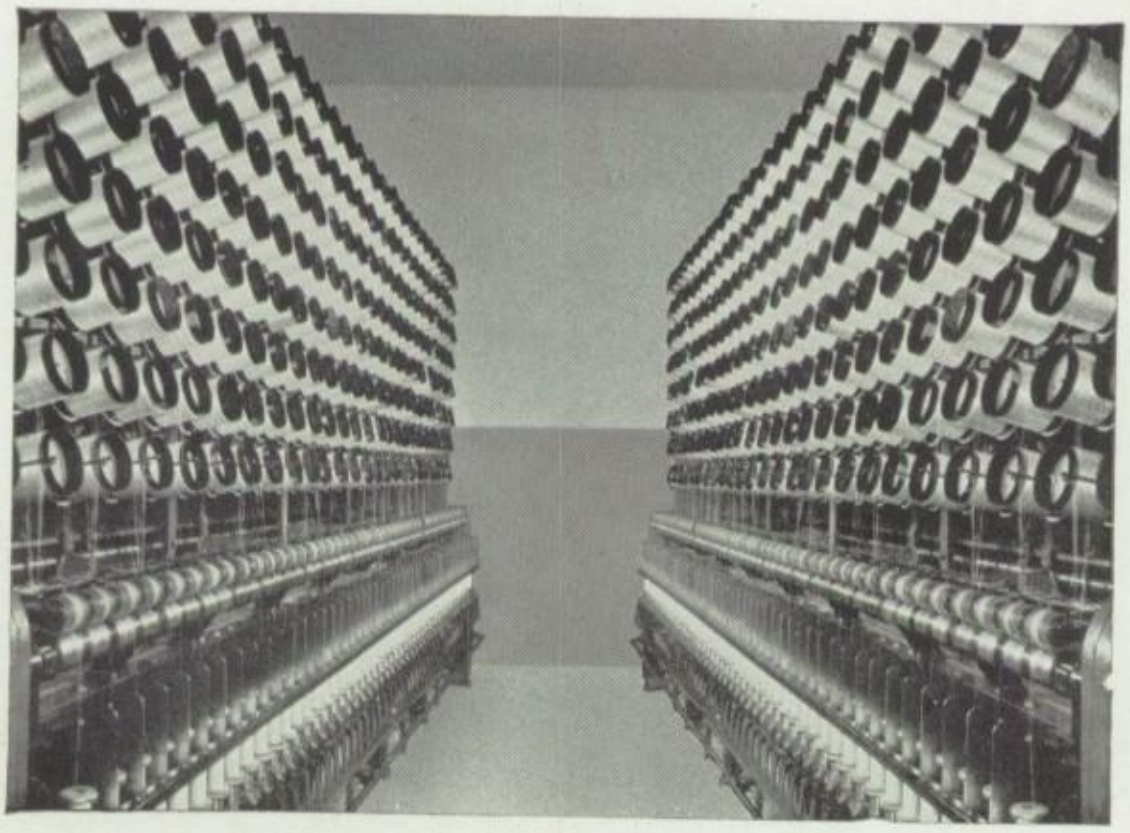

The machines in this illustration are winding fine fibers of glass into smooth threads which are used to insulate electric motors, wires and appliances, or are woven into beautiful decorative fabrics. This glass is called Fiberglas—and it's 100% pure glass.

Fiberglas is now made in a number of forms.*

One kind looks like soft white wool. This kind of Fiberglas is an excellent insulator against heat or cold. Another type of Fiberglas consists of coarser fibers that are made up into Dust-Stop Air Filters which filter the air in air-conditioned stores and in homes heated by modern warm air furnaces.

Fiberglas is used in homes for house insulation (trade-name: Red Top); refrigerator insulation; stove and electric roaster insulation; water heater and boiler insulation; pipe covering; wicks for oil stoves; and retainer mats in automobile batteries.

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*Watch for the more widespread use of fiberglas in the future. Its use by modern American Industry is only beginning.

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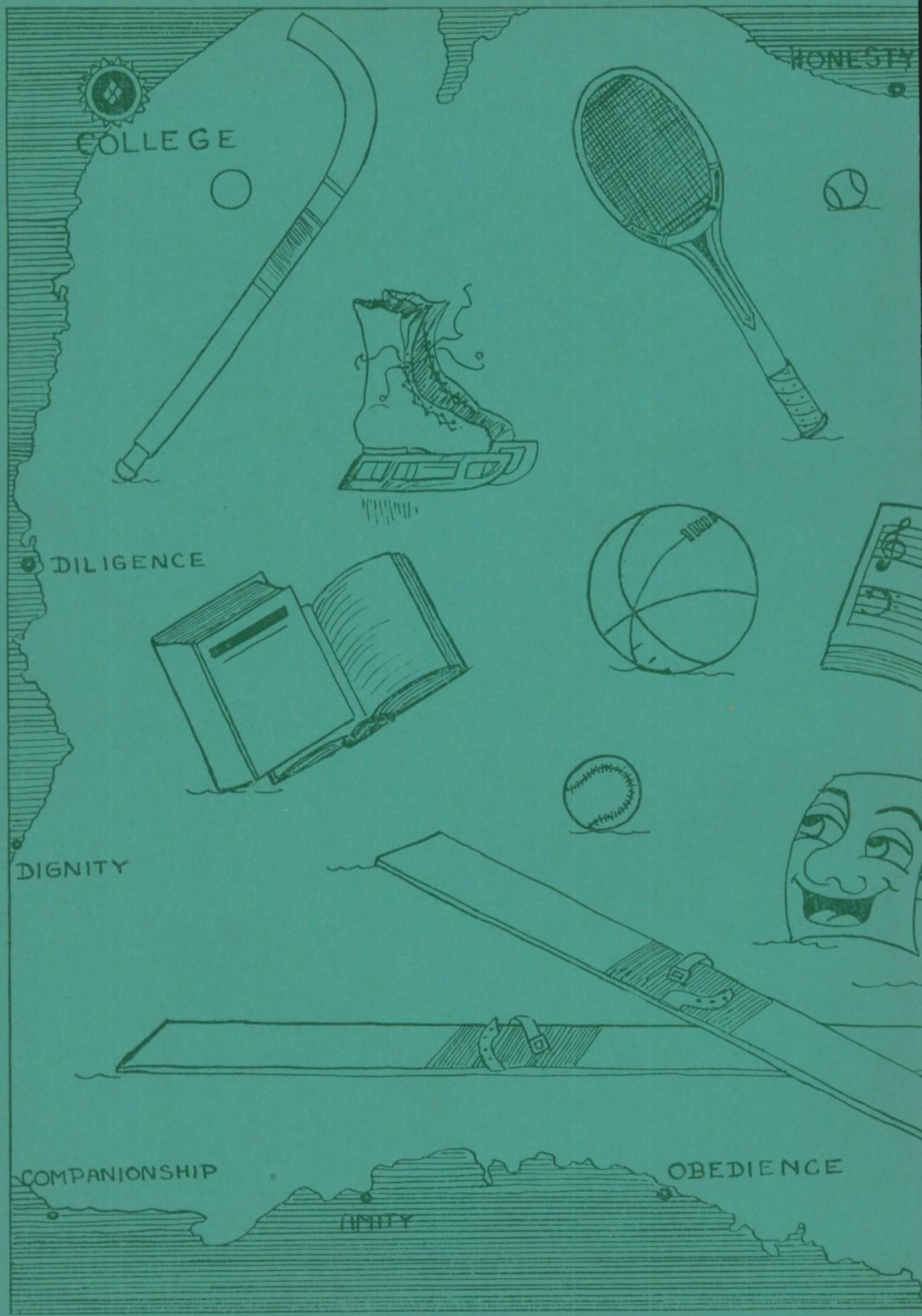
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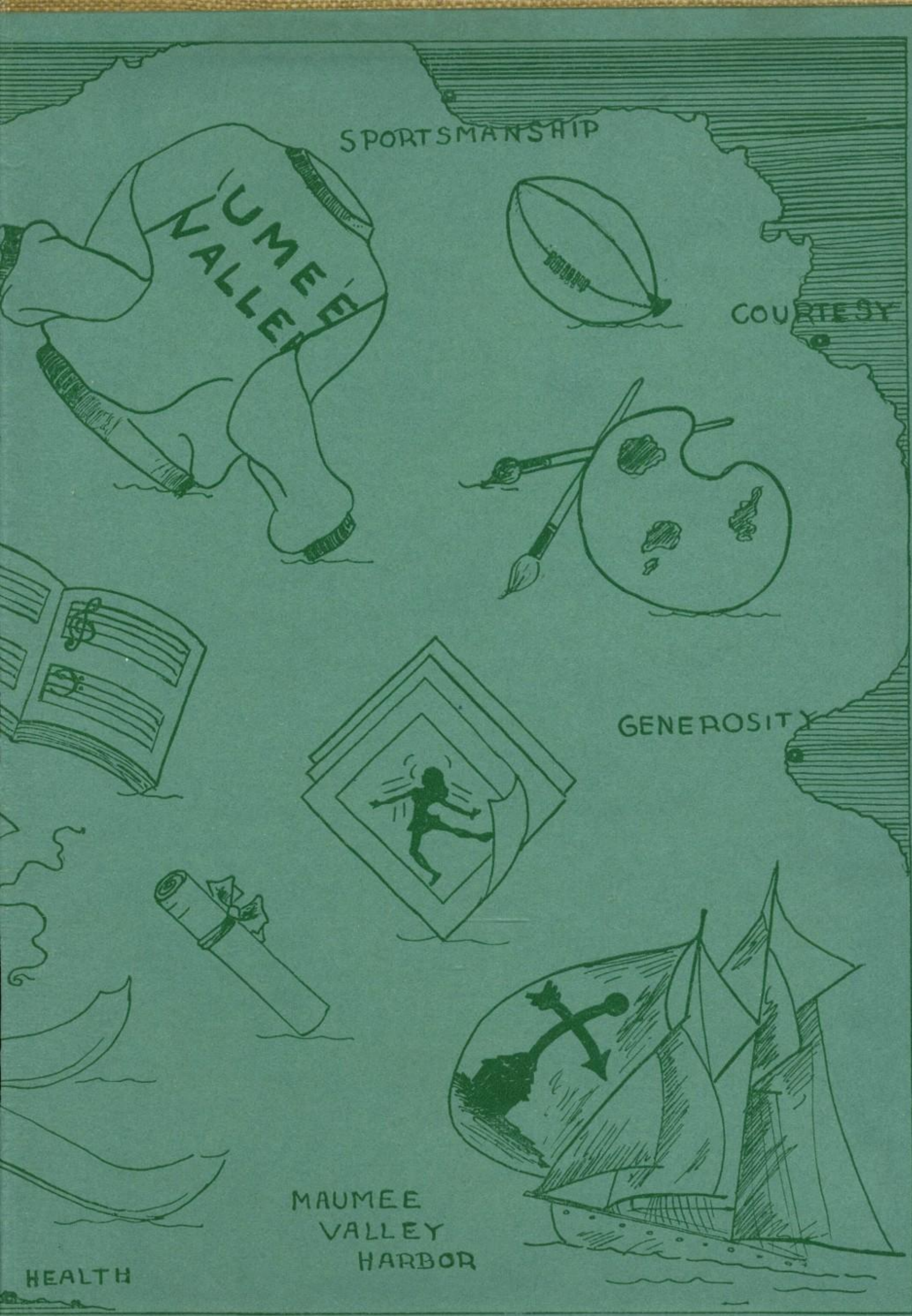
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